

JULY

VOL. 8—NO. 5

TARGET

COMICS

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

TARGET HITS AND MISSES

Editors' Page

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

In the last three days we have read 226 letters from GARY STARK fans. Here are some of the comments:

Two readers say Gary should have more adventures by himself. Another reader says there should be more of Panama. What do you say? Should Gary carry on his adventures alone?

The biggest issue among GARY STARK readers is whether or not the story should be in serial form. Thirty readers have voted definitely **against** the continuous story, and six of you have requested the serial from month to month. Probably many more of you feel one way or the other on this question. Why don't **you** write and give us your opinion?

The Editors don't want to settle important questions about your favorite stories. They want **YOU READERS** to decide, and the best way for us to learn what you really want is to read your letters.

Let's have more opinions on the complete story versus the serial for GARY STARK.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the February 1947 issue of TARGET. I think it is not very good, since you quit putting "Dan'l Flannel" in it.

My favorite story is "The Target and the Targeteers."

Would you start a club of TARGET COMIC readers and have the readers vote for the president? I think that would be fine!

Yours truly,
Rex Holgerson
Nogales, Ariz.

We'd like to start a TARGET reader club, Rex, but we can't at the present time. Why don't you start one among your friends? "Dan'l Flannel," by the way, is still with us. You'll see this strip in future issues.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the December TARGET. I'm lending it to my friend next door. Even my Dad likes TARGET. He can't wait till I get the latest issue. He can't even go to bed. He says "The Targeteers" are the best.

One of the boys in my class likes TARGET, too, but his father and mother won't let him read the magazine. So, he comes over to my house and reads it.

Yours truly,
Stephen Solits
Hiller, Pa.

We hope you gave Dad a priority over your friend, Stephen. Or does Dad get to read TARGET before you do? Sleep's darned important, you know.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Most magazines that have a comic-strip serial have it so that readers will read their book each month. Your book is honest, so I know that you do not have "Gary Stark" as a serial because you want readers to buy your magazine each month.

A true reader,
Jack E. Harden
San Francisco, Calif.

That sums it up, Jack.

Dear Editors:

In an inquiry the other day, I found that seven out of ten comic readers read TARGET. TARGET is tops—and that includes my opinion. I think all the stories are interesting and enjoyable.

"The Cadet" is the best, I think. "Bull's-Eye Bill" runs it a good race. "Gary Stark" would be interesting, except that it is continued.

The colorful cover of TARGET always catches my eye on the newsstand each month. I hope you will always keep your magazine as interesting as I find it now.

Yours truly,
Vernon Looper
Cleburne, Texas

Thanks for the dope on your inquiry, Vernon. We hope we can keep TARGET clicking off a good percentage.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the February issue of TARGET. Every month I have to act fast to find one. TARGET is popular.

Every time I get the magazine I immediately turn to "Gary Stark." After I finish that I am in suspense until the next issue. I pull the "Targetoons" and the Q's and A's on the family. The "Targetoons" give us all a laugh, and we find the Q's and A's very educational.

I enjoy the other features and I always look forward to this very special comic book. It satisfies my tastes: Keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,
Jean Miller
Dowagiac, Mich.

Thanks for a nice letter, Jean. We'll try to keep up the good work.

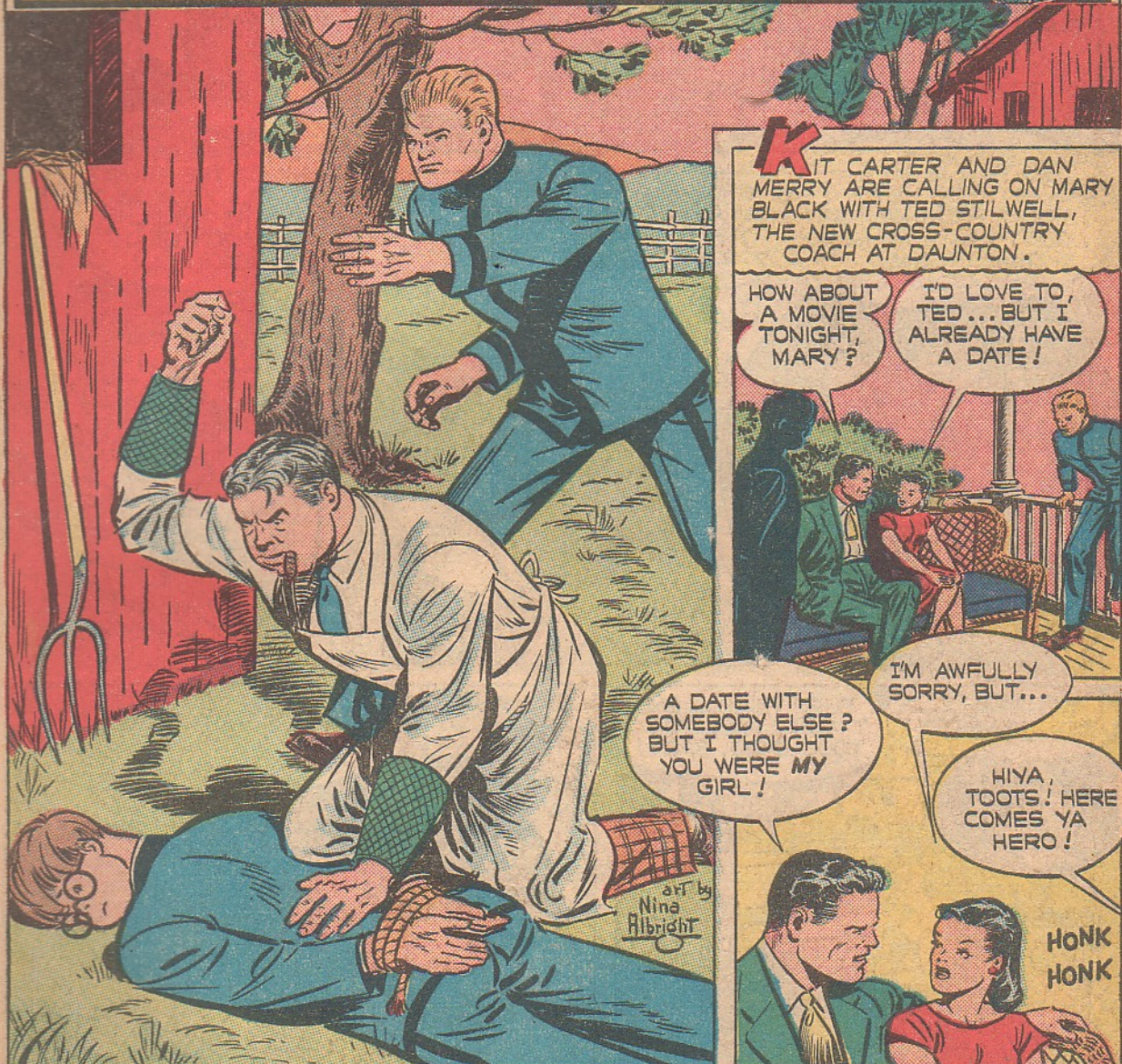
BUY U. S.
SAVINGS
BONDS

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**

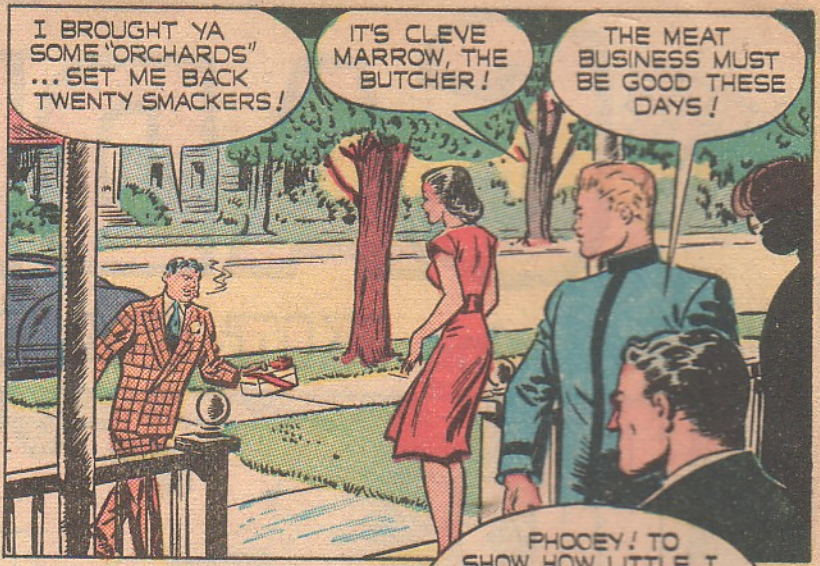


Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director
Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

TARGET COMICS, Vol. 8, No. 5, July, 1947, published monthly by The Premium Group of Comics, a Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1947 by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, December 5, 1939, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.



JUST DROPPED BY TO
BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY, BABE..
...AND TO REMIND YOU OF
OUR DATE
TONIGHT!



I BROUGHT YA
SOME 'ORCHARDS'
...SET ME BACK
TWENTY SMACKERS!

IT'S CLEVE
MARROW, THE
BUTCHER!

THE MEAT
BUSINESS MUST
BE GOOD THESE
DAYS!

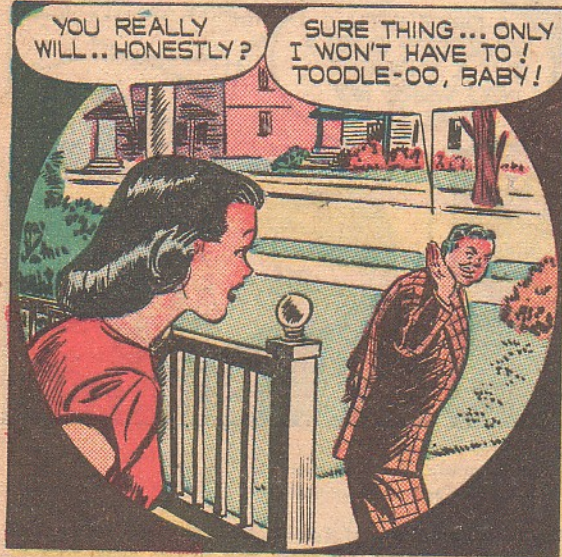


SO THIS IS MY
COMPETITION, HEY?
TAKE IT FROM ME, MARY
..DON'T WASTE NO MORE
TIME ON HIM!

STICK TO ME!
I'M A SUCCESS!
THIS GUY'S A
NOBODY!

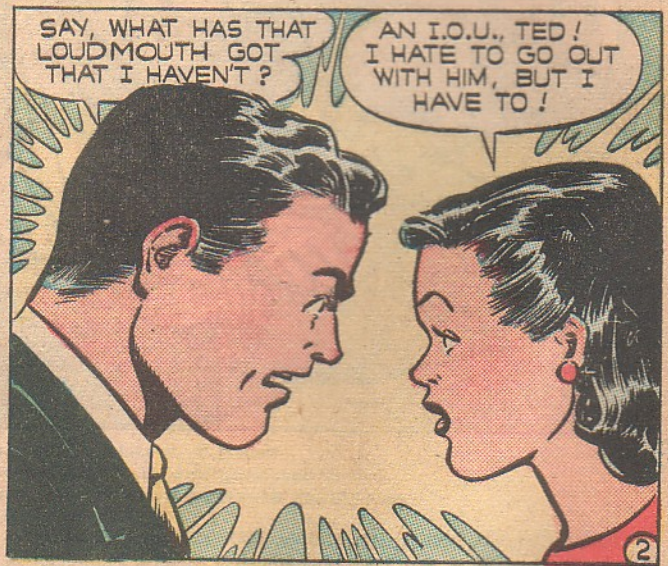
MR. STILWELL
IS THE BEST
CROSS-
COUNTRY COACH
WE EVER HAD! WE
MAY BEAT SUGAR
HILL PREP THIS
YEAR.. AND THEY'RE
TOPS AT CROSS-
COUNTRY!

PHOOEY! TO
SHOW HOW LITTLE I
THINK OF THE SQUIRT,
MARY, I'LL PROMISE TO
BURN THE I.O.U. IF
DAUNTON BEATS
SUGAR HILL!



YOU REALLY
WILL.. HONESTLY?

SURE THING... ONLY
I WON'T HAVE TO!
TOODLE-OO, BABY!



SAY, WHAT HAS THAT
LOUDMOUTH GOT
THAT I HAVEN'T?

AN I.O.U., TED!
I HATE TO GO OUT
WITH HIM, BUT I
HAVE TO!

Q UESTION No. 1. Is Cleve Marrow mispronouncing a word in picture two?

CLEVE HOLDS A LARGE I.O.U. SIGNED BY MY BROTHER! IF I SNUBBED CLEVE, HE COULD HAVE MY BROTHER FIRED FROM HIS JOB AT THE BANK!

I SEE. BUT IF DAUNTON BEATS SUGAR HILL, CLEVE WILL DESTROY THAT I.O.U. ...AND YOU CAN STOP GOING OUT WITH THAT BIG LUG!

WE'LL SURE TRY, MISS BLACK.. BUT THOSE SUGAR HILL BOYS ARE PLENTY GOOD!

OH, TED! YOUR BOYS SIMPLY **MUST** WIN!

MEANWHILE...

AS THE DAY OF THE RACE DRAWS NEAR, COACH STILWELL WHIPS THE DAUNTON TEAM INTO PEAK FORM.

KEEP IT UP, BOYS! CHARGE UP THOSE HILLS!

WHEW! WHY DON'T I GO OUT FOR THE CHESS TEAM! (PUFF!)

HMMM... I SHOULDN'T HAVE SHOT OFF MY MOUTH! IF THE CADETS WIN, I'LL EITHER HAVE TO BURN THE I.O.U. OR GET IN BAD WITH MARY!

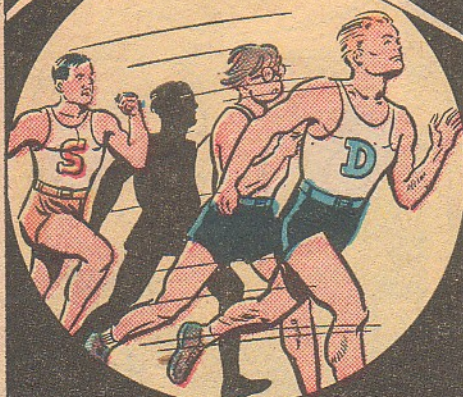
THE DAY OF THE RACE...

CRACK!

GO TO IT, DAUNTON!

C'MON,
DAUNTON!

CARTER AND
MERRY HAVE THE
JUMP ON THE
PACK!



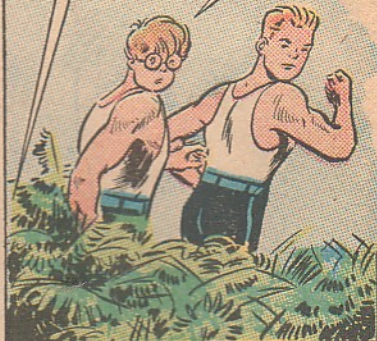
RUNNING SMOOTHLY, KIT
AND DAN ARE SOON FAR
IN THE LEAD!



SUDDENLY, A SHRILL CRY
RINGS OUT!

HELP!
HELP!

YIPE!
SOMEBODY'S
IN TROUBLE!



HURRY!
HELP!

HOLD ON!
WE'RE
COMING!



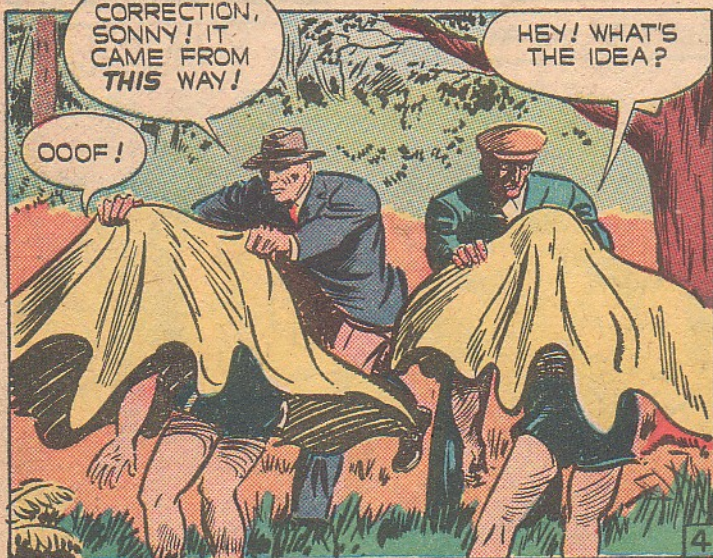
IT CAME
FROM THAT
WAY!



CORRECTION,
SONNY! IT
CAME FROM
THIS WAY!

HEY! WHAT'S
THE IDEA?

OOOF!



TAKEN BY SURPRISE, KIT AND DAN
ARE SOON OVERCOME.

GET GOING, KIDS!
WE'LL PUT YOU IN
STORAGE FOR
A WHILE!



AT A NEAR-BY BARN.

GOOD WORK! STICK 'EM IN THE LITTLE ROOM! LET 'EM OUT IN TIME TO FINISH THE RACE IN LAST PLACE!

IF YOU DOPES SQUAWK ABOUT THIS, THE OFFICIALS WILL CALL IT A PHONY ALIBI FOR LOSING! AND YOU AIN'T SEEN ANYBODY, SO YOU CAN'T IDENTIFY US!

IN THE SMALL ROOM, KIT WRIGGLES FRANTICALLY TO ESCAPE HIS BONDS.

THEY TIED ME UP LOOSELY. HAVE YOU OUT IN A MOMENT, DAN!

SOON...

THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, KIT... BUT NOW WHAT?

LET'S SEE WHAT THE SETUP IS... THROUGH THE KNOTHOLE!

HOLY COW.. AND I DO MEAN COW!

WHAT KIT SEES...

NICE SETUP, EH, BOYS? NO GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS TO BOTHER US, NO LICENSE TO BUY, NO SANITATION PUSSY-FOOTERS NOSING AROUND! A SWEET RACKET!

IT'S A BLACK-MARKET SLAUGHTERHOUSE! NO WONDER CLEVE MARROW MAKES SO MUCH MONEY!

LET ME LOOK!

WHAT DAN SEES...

SAY! YOU'RE WRITING DOWN
THE AMOUNT OF MEAT YOU
SOLD ME, AND THE PRICES!
IT'S DANGEROUS TO KEEP
RECORDS OF BLACK-MARKET
TRANSACTIONS!

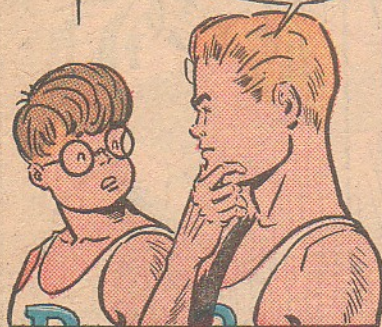


IT'S JUST FOR MY OWN USE! I
KEEP IT SAFE WITH MY OTHER
RECORDS. NO ONE WILL EVER
SEE IT!



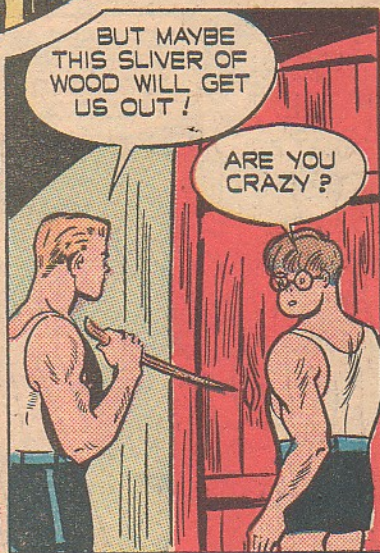
GOLLY,
WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUT
OF HERE!

THE DOOR'S
TOO STRONG
TO BREAK
DOWN!



BUT MAYBE
THIS SLIVER OF
WOOD WILL GET
US OUT!

ARE YOU
CRAZY?

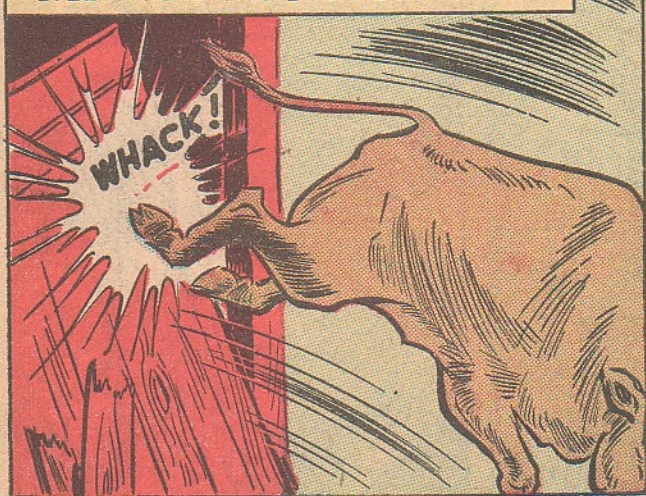


AH! BULL'S-EYE!
KICK UP YOUR
HEELS, PAL!

M-MUHH!



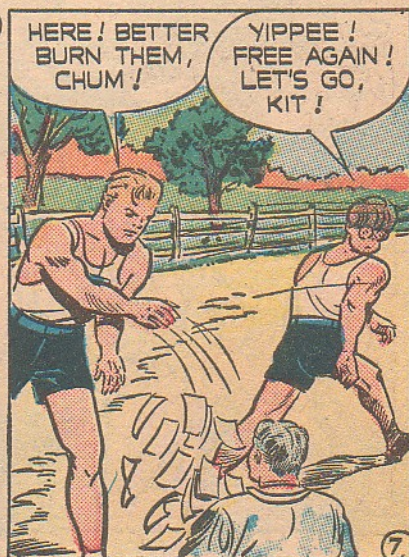
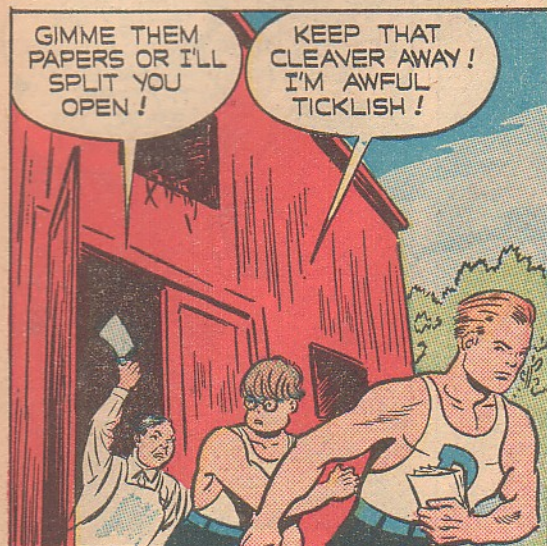
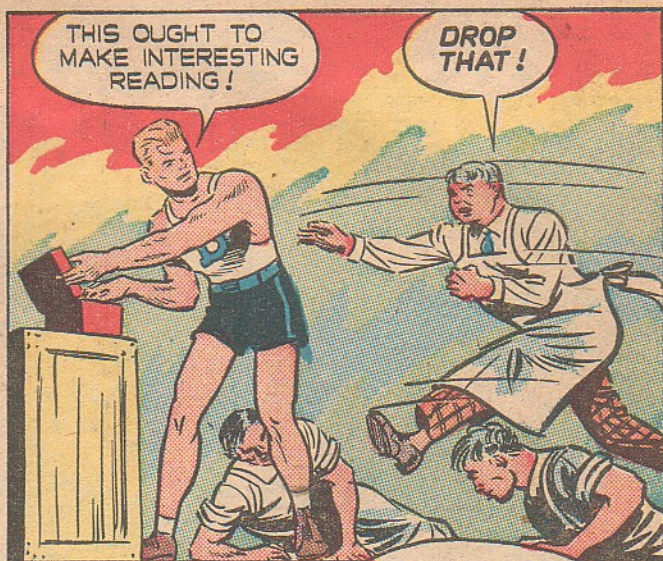
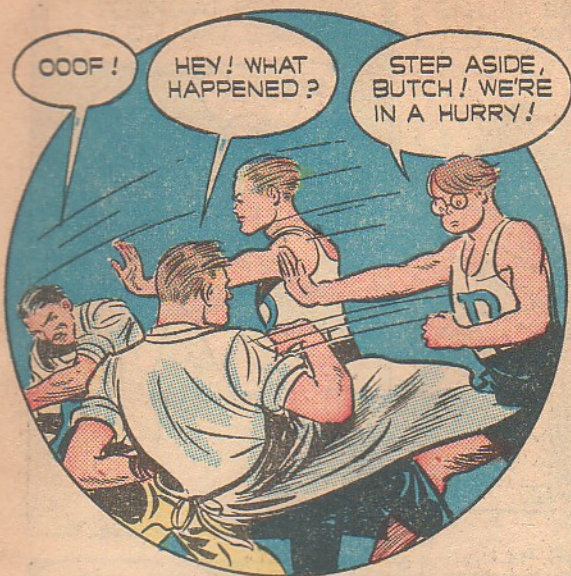
JABBED BY THE SLIVER, THE STARTLED
STEER KICKS THE DOOR DOWN!



HURRY, DAN! IF WE
RUSH THESE BUTCHERS,
WE MAY GET PAST
THEM!



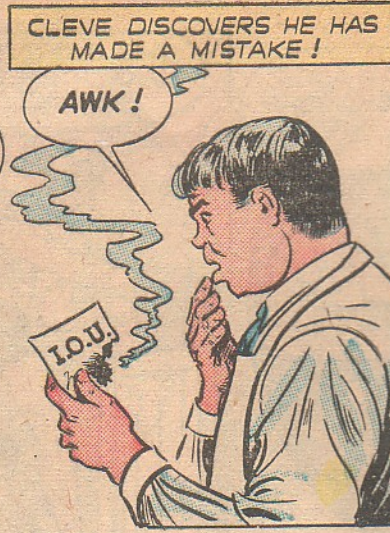
QUESTION No. 3. Ken Strong is a member of what professional football team?





WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I'LL GET RID OF THESE PAPERS FOR GOOD!

TOO LATE TO PLACE IN THE FIRST TEN, BUT WE MIGHT NOSE OUT SOME STRAGGLERS!



CLEVE DISCOVERS HE HAS MADE A MISTAKE!

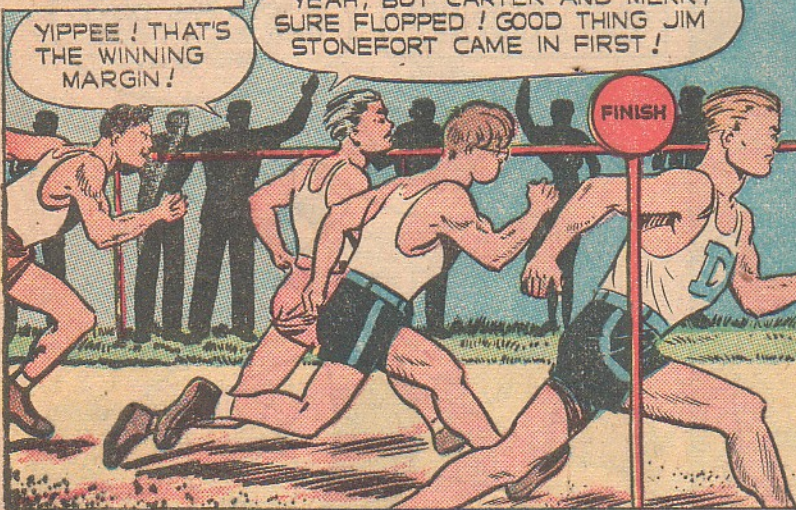
AWK!



I'VE BEEN TRICKED! I BURNED THE I.O.U.!

SWELL!

RACING HARD, KIT AND DAN NOSE OUT TWO SUGAR HILL TAIL-ENDERS!



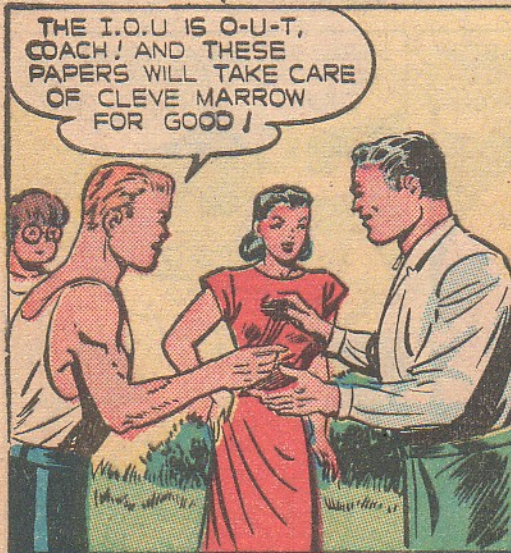
YIPPEE! THAT'S THE WINNING MARGIN!

YEAH, BUT CARTER AND MERRY SURE FLOPPED! GOOD THING JIM STONEFORT CAME IN FIRST!



WE DIDN'T (PUFF) EXACTLY FLOP, COACH!

IT'S OKAY, BOYS! WE WON ANYWAY, THANKS TO THAT FINAL SPURT OF YOURS!



THE I.O.U IS O-U-T, COACH! AND THESE PAPERS WILL TAKE CARE OF CLEVE MARROW FOR GOOD!



LATER... WITH CLEVE IN JAIL FOR HIS BLACK MARKETING, AND THE COACH HAPPY WITH HIS GIRL, I'D SAY WE RAN A GOOD RACE... EVEN IF WE DIDN'T COME IN FIRST.

No waiting... Nothing to mail in... GET THESE GRAND BIRD PICTURES!



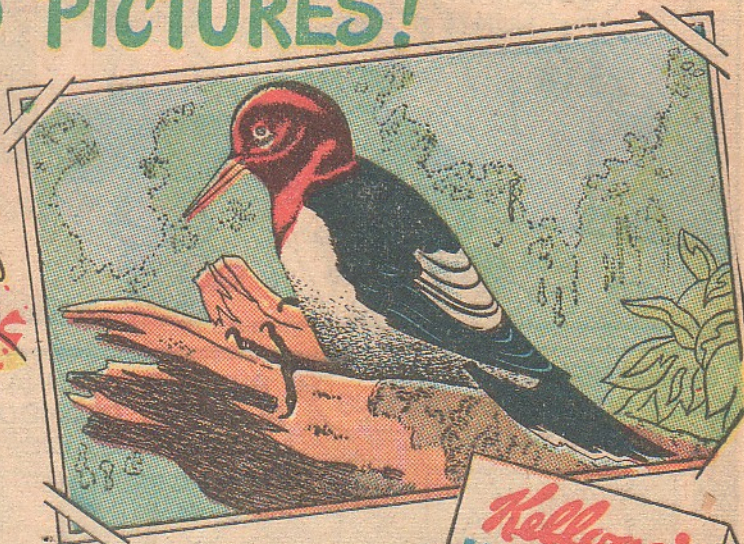
I HAVE TEN
ALREADY!

I HAVE SEVEN!

Twenty-four of these beautiful, colorful bird pictures—you can have all of them if you start collecting now! Here's the way to start:

Just open a box of Kellogg's Krumbles and look inside for your prize! You'll find a bird picture in every package! Each one painted by a famous painter of birds—Jack Murray—each one measuring $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches!

Kellogg's Krumbles is such a delicious breakfast cereal—so crisp and malty—you'll want to eat two portions every time! Mothers approve of Krumbles, too, because it's made from nutritious whole wheat. So hurry—ask Mom for your box today!



P.S. If you want an album to paste your pictures in, see the side of a Krumbles package for instructions on how to get one.



Kellogg's KRUMBLES—a picture in every package

LISTEN-WITH MY BRAINS AND
YOUR MONEY, WHAT CAN
WE LOSE??

MY MONEY!!!

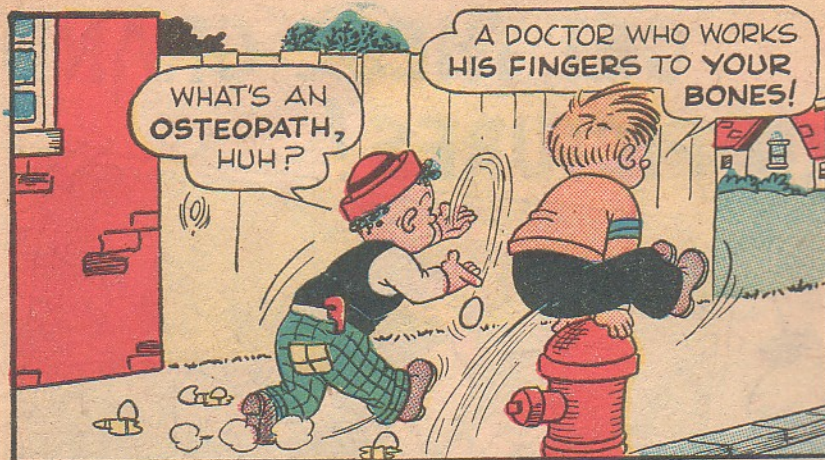
YOU SAY YER POP
MAKES A LIVIN' OUT OF
OTHER PEOPLE'S
DIRTY WORK??

SURE! HE RUNS A
LAUNDRY!!

WOT'S TH' IDEA OF
TH' TWO WATCHES?

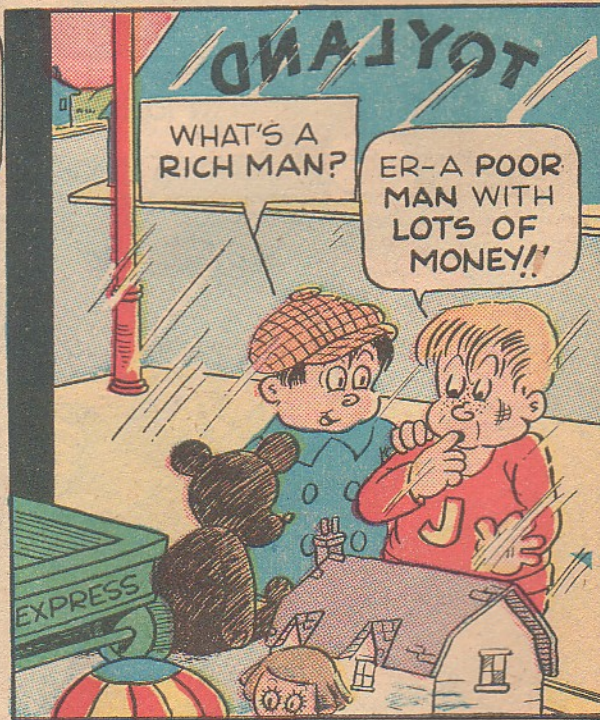
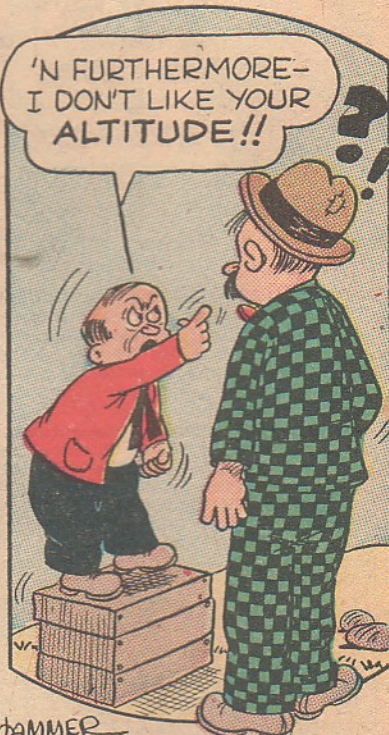
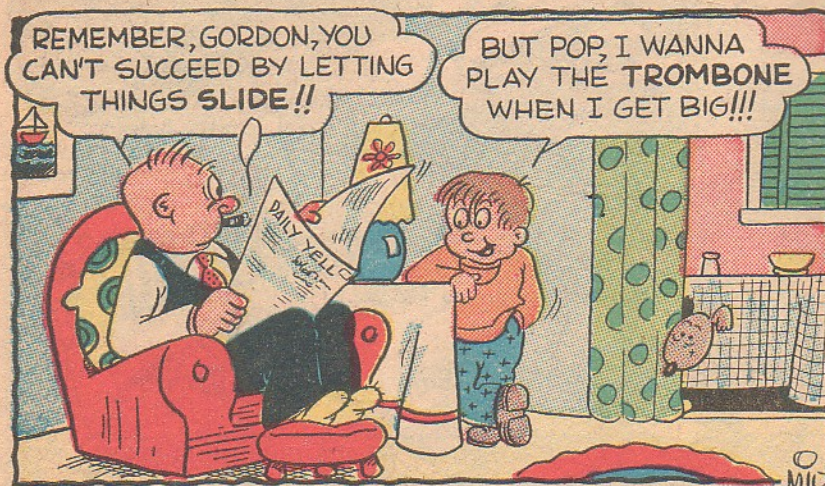
ONE SHOWS ME
HOW FAST TH' OTHER ONE IS!!

HAMMER



RARE HITLER STAMP

Every HITLER stamp found by the Allied Armies in Germany has been destroyed! But some of them were smuggled out when we first invaded Germany. We'll send a German HITLER stamp, GUARANTEED GENUINE, together with a scarce, large classic U. S. 19th century commemorative stamp, Free French Schooner stamp, Greece 2 Queens Commemorative stamp, New Zealand "rare Kiwi" bird stamp, scarce Andorra Motto stamp, and others, also a new 1947 type perforation gauge for measuring stamps, all for only 10c to approval applicants. W. PENN STAMP CO., P. O. Box 303, Phila. 5, Pa.



CANDID CHARLIE

BOB Q. SIEGE



OLD RUFUS PETERKINS -- THE BIGGEST AND BRAGGINGEST FISHERMAN IN TOWN -- FINDS OUT THAT A CAMERA CAN HOOK HEAVIER EVIDENCE THAN HIS OWN LINE!

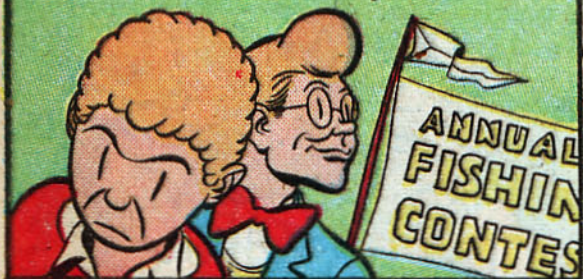


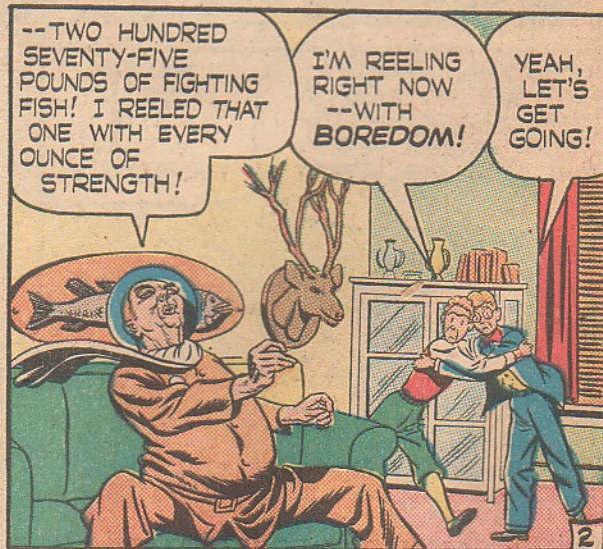
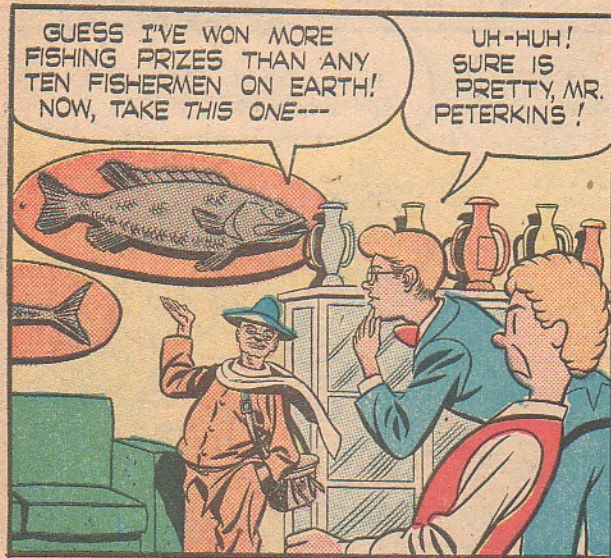
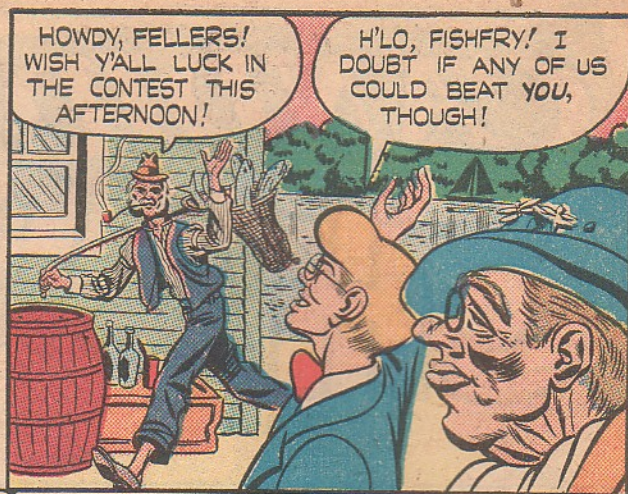
GEE, WHAT CHANCE HAVE **WE** GOT AGAINST **THAT** SHARK! EVERYBODY KNOWS HE'S THE BEST REEL ARTIST IN TOWN!

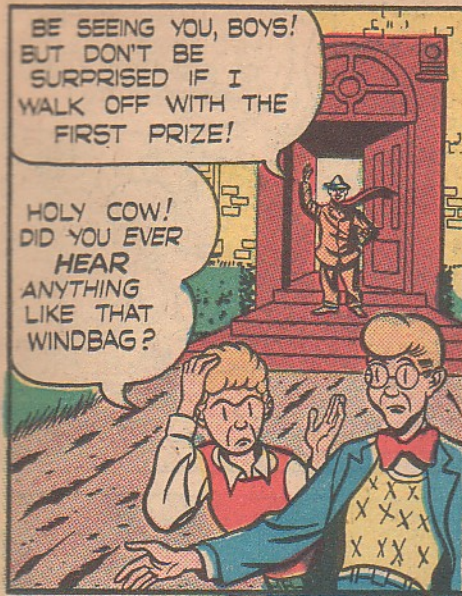
WE CAN TRY, CAN'T WE?
MORNING, MR. PETERKINS!

AH, GOOD MORNING, BOYS! ALL SET TO WIN THE DEER LAKE CHAMPIONSHIP, I PRESUME!

WELL, WE'LL DO OUR DARNEDEST, SIR!

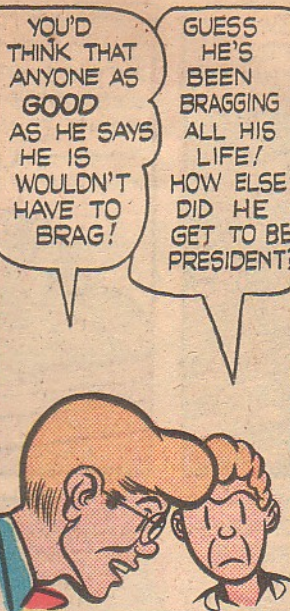






BE SEEING YOU, BOYS!
BUT DON'T BE
SURPRISED IF I
WALK OFF WITH THE
FIRST PRIZE!

HOLY COW!
DID YOU EVER
HEAR
ANYTHING
LIKE THAT
WINDBAG?



YOU'D
THINK THAT
ANYONE AS
GOOD
AS HE SAYS
HE IS
WOULDN'T
HAVE TO
BRAG!

GUESS
HE'S
BEEN
BRAGGING
ALL HIS
LIFE!
HOW ELSE
DID HE
GET TO BE
PRESIDENT?



HERE
COMES
RUFUS
PETERKINS!

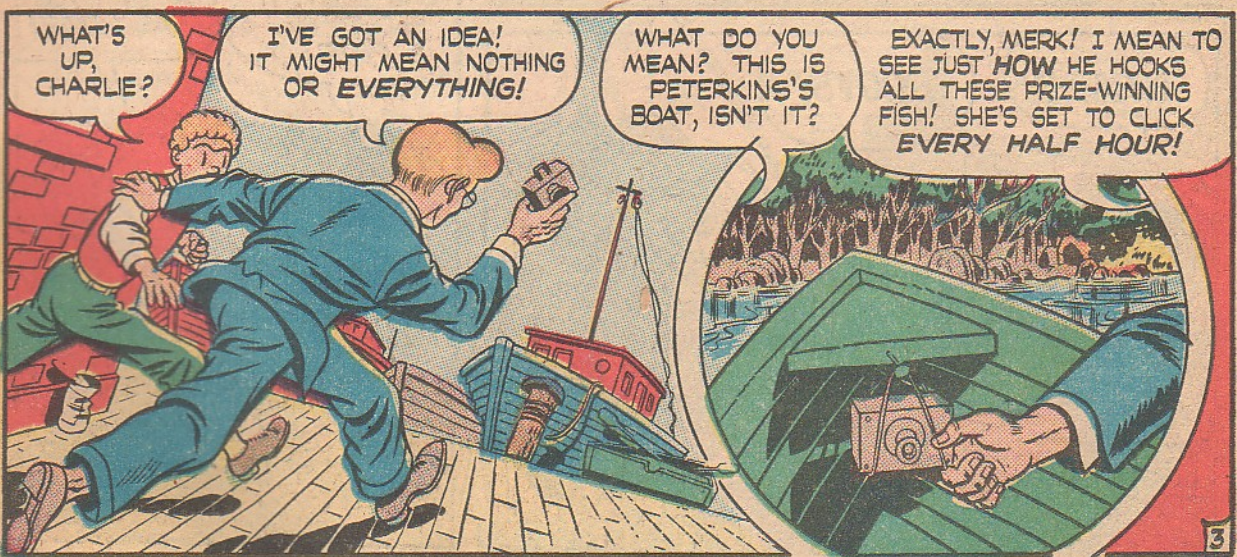
RECKON HE'LL
WIN AS
EASY AS
HE DID
LAST YEAR!

I'LL
GIVE
HIM
A HARD
FIGHT!



THIS IS THE **BEFORE**,
FELLOW! WAIT'LL YOU SEE
THE **AFTER**!

HOPE IT'S AS BIG
AS LAST YEAR,
MR. PETERKINS!



WHAT'S
UP,
CHARLIE?

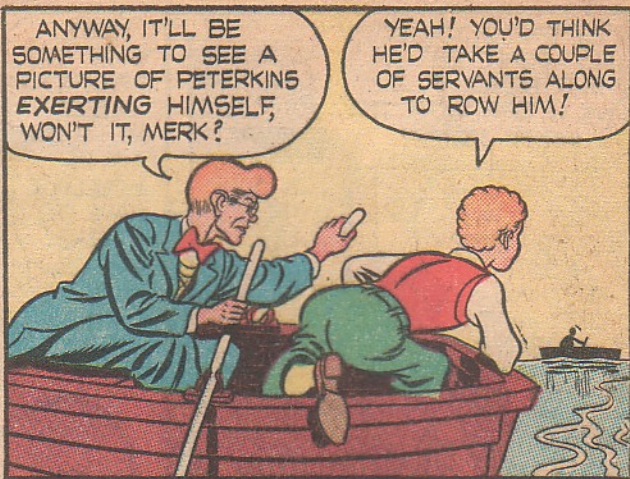
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
IT MIGHT MEAN NOTHING
OR **EVERYTHING**!

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN? THIS IS
PETERKINS'S
BOAT, ISN'T IT?

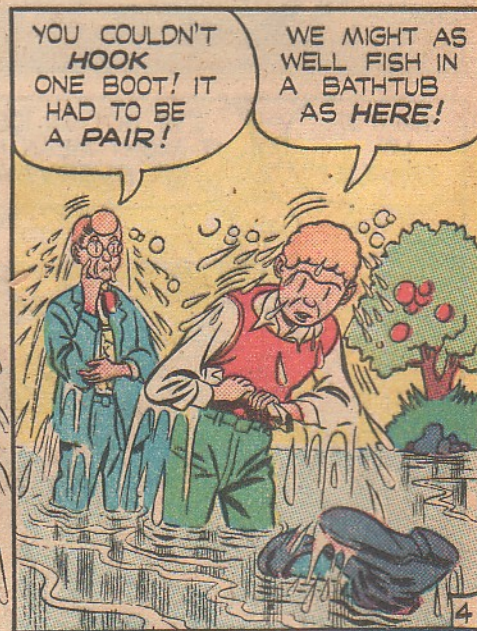
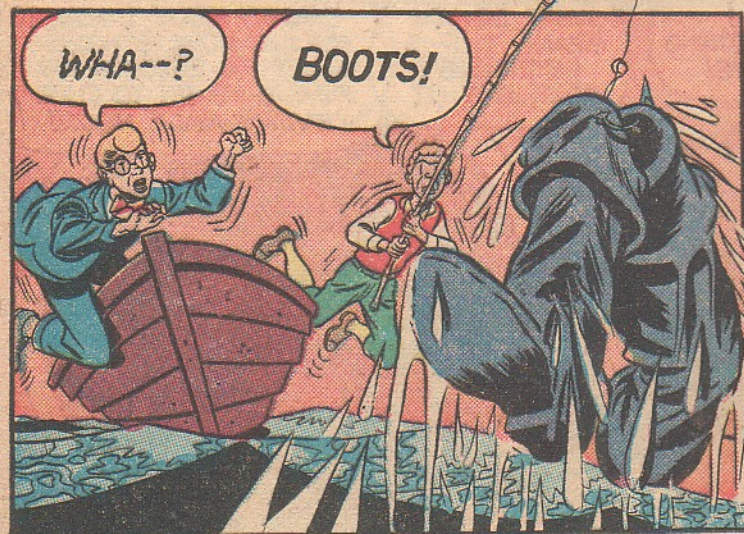
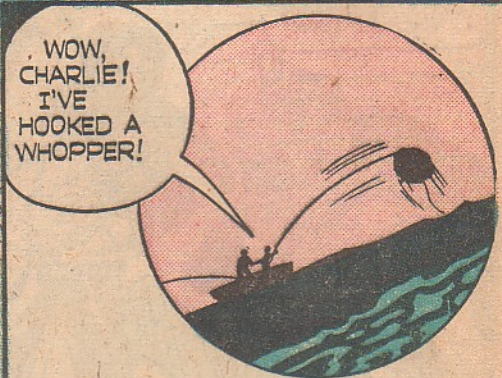
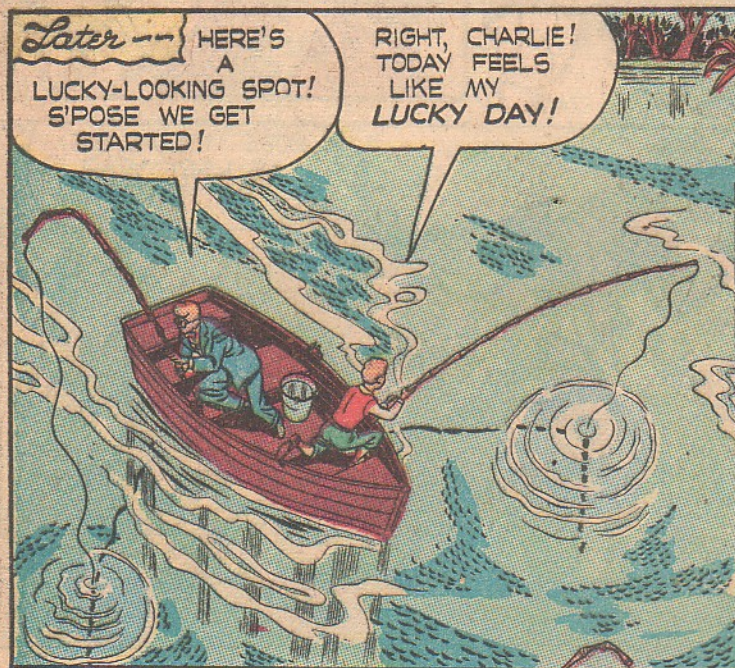
EXACTLY, MERK! I MEAN TO
SEE JUST **HOW** HE HOOKS
ALL THESE PRIZE-WINNING
FISH! SHE'S SET TO CLICK
EVERY HALF HOUR!



IF THE FISH
DON'T SCUTTLE
OUR BOATS! HA! HA!



YEAH! YOU'D THINK
HE'D TAKE A COUPLE
OF SERVANTS ALONG
TO ROW HIM!

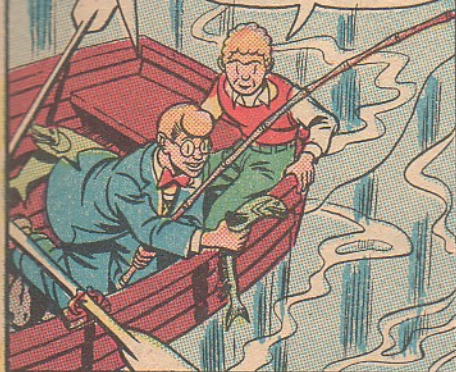


Q UESTION No. 5. Drop the "s" in scuttle and you have what kind of fish?

FEW HOURS LATER--

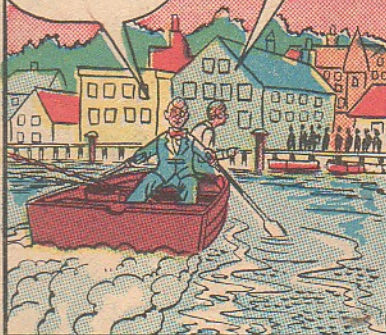
BOY! HE'S
THE BEST
YET!

GOOD WORK,
PAL! JUST IN TIME,
TOO! WE'VE GOT TO
BE HEADING BACK!



I MUST SAY
THAT'S NOT A
BAD CATCH!
BET I MAKE
PETERKINS
GET ON THE
SCALES,
ANYWAY!!

OH, YEAH?
FROM THE
SOUND OVER
THERE, THEY
FIGURE
HE'S WON
ALREADY!



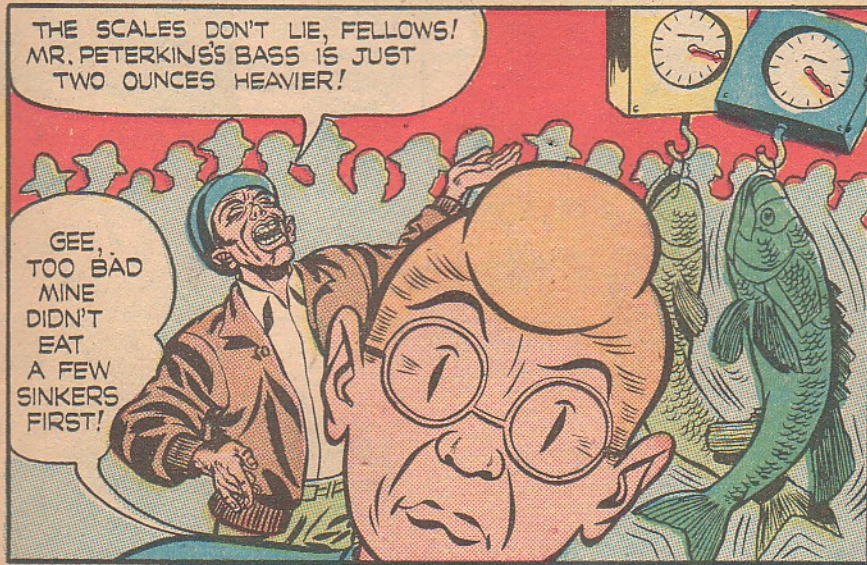
WAIT A
MINUTE!
CANDID
CHARLIE'S
COMING
IN!

AH, REALLY!
I WONDER
IF HE CAN
BEAT THIS
DENIZEN
OF DEER
LAKE!



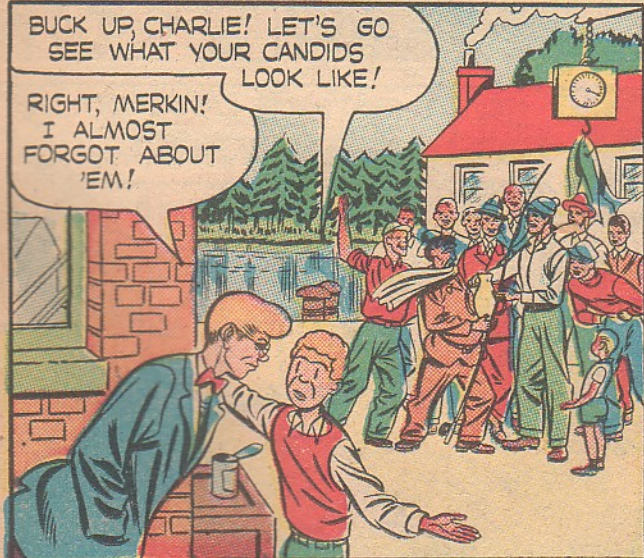
THE SCALES DON'T LIE, FELLOWS!
MR. PETERKINS'S BASS IS JUST
TWO OUNCES HEAVIER!

GEE,
TOO BAD
MINE
DIDN'T
EAT
A FEW
SINKERS
FIRST!



BUCK UP, CHARLIE! LET'S GO
SEE WHAT YOUR CANDIDS
LOOK LIKE!

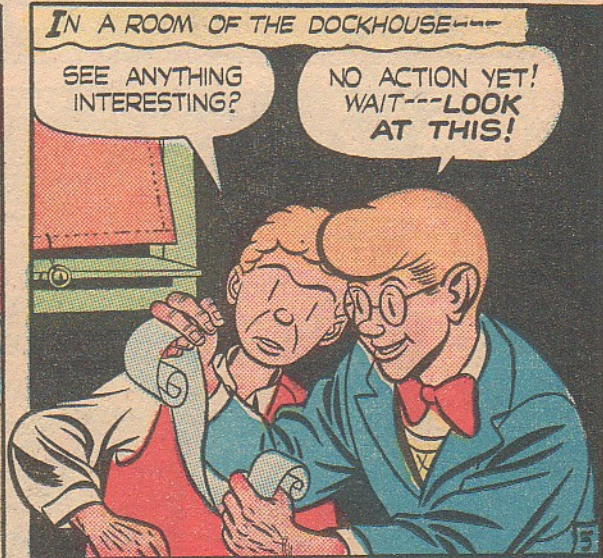
RIGHT, MERKIN!
I ALMOST
FORGOT ABOUT
'EM!

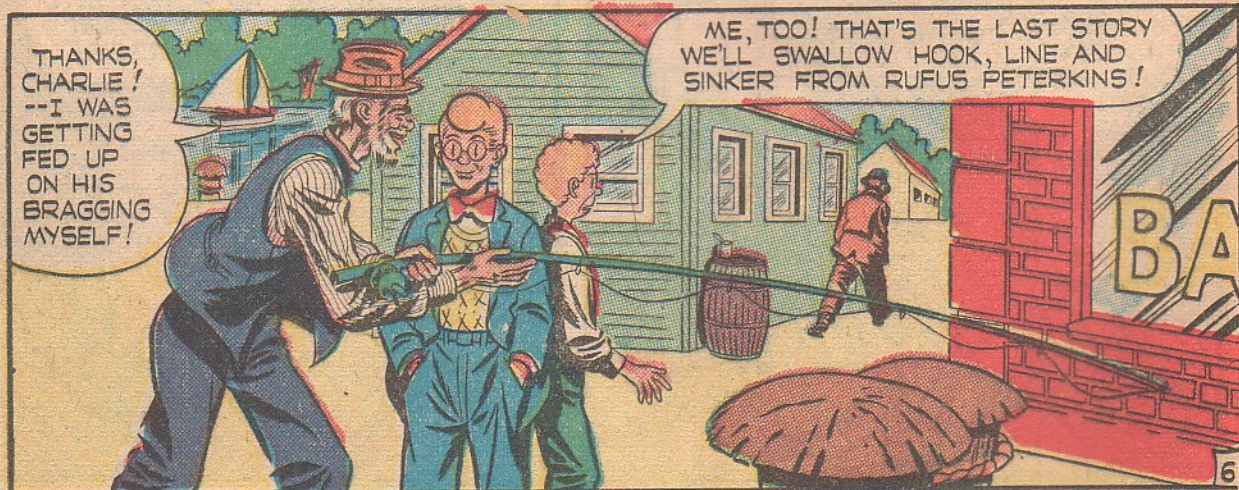
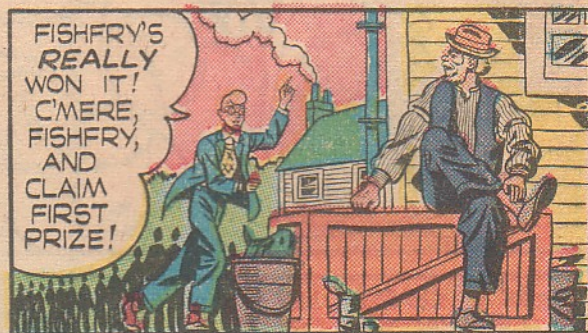
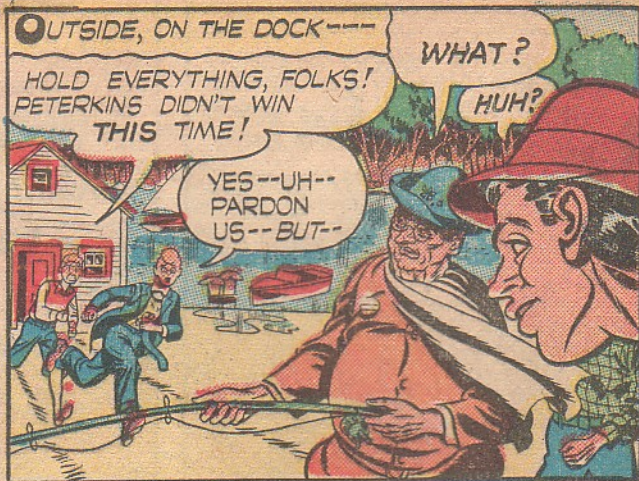


IN A ROOM OF THE DOCKHOUSE---

SEE ANYTHING
INTERESTING?

NO ACTION YET!
WAIT---LOOK
AT THIS!

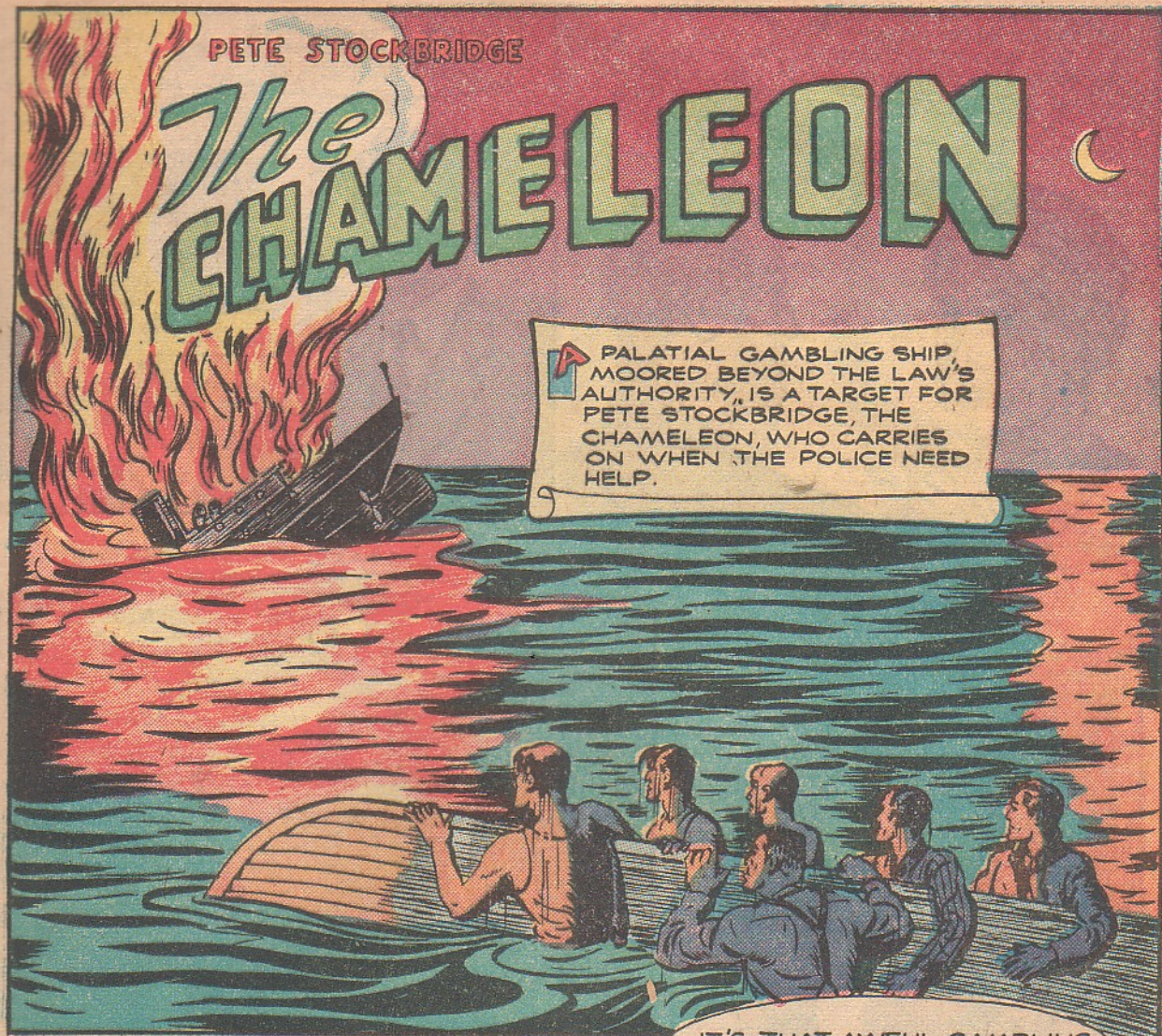




PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

A PALATIAL GAMBLING SHIP, MOORED BEYOND THE LAW'S AUTHORITY, IS A TARGET FOR PETE STOCKBRIDGE, THE CHAMELEON, WHO CARRIES ON WHEN THE POLICE NEED HELP.



A HYSTERICAL WOMAN STORMS INTO THE OFFICE OF PETE STOCKBRIDGE'S "DAILY STAR."

IT'S THAT AWFUL GAMBLING SHIP, THE FORTUNE / MY FOOL HUSBAND GAMBLED AWAY OUR LIFETIME SAVINGS!

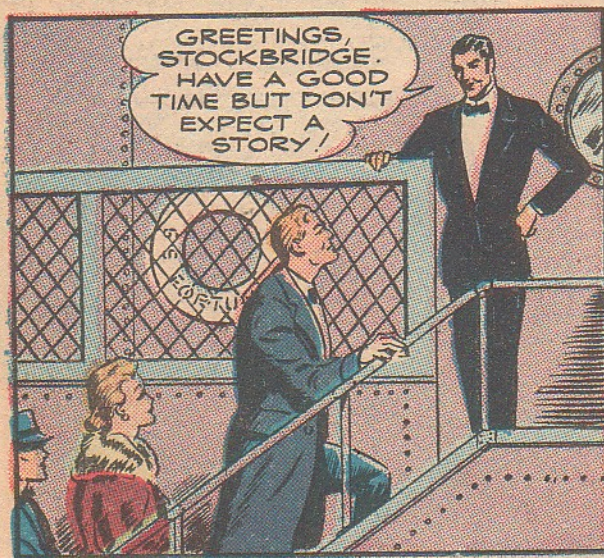
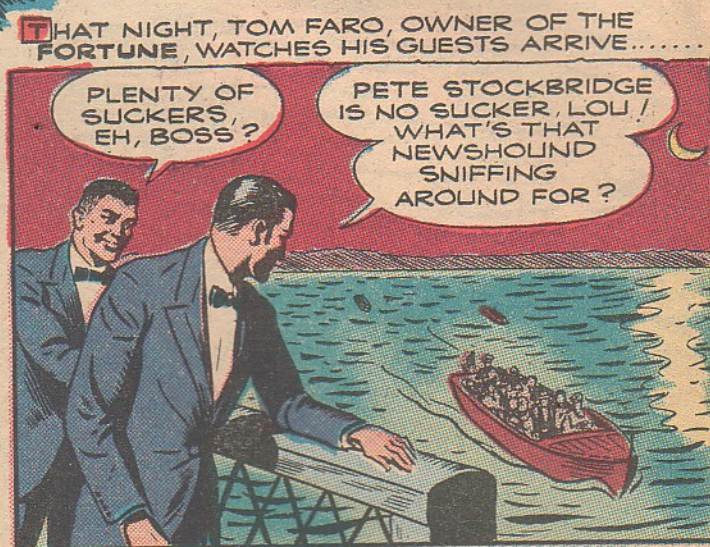


MR. EDITOR, YOU MUST HELP / IT'S A DISGRACE TO THE CITY! IT HAS RUINED MY LIFE!

CALM DOWN, MA'AM. WHAT'S WRONG?



TARGET COMICS



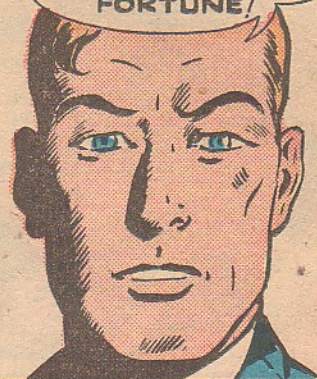
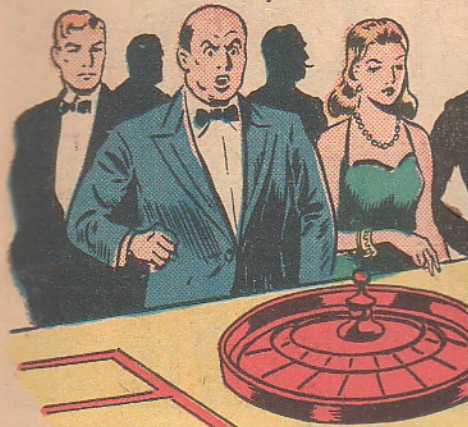
SOON...

LOST AGAIN!
I'M IN THE HOLE
FOR TWO GRAND
TONIGHT!

YEAH,
I LOST
MY
SHIRT,
TOO!

HMMM....
WHEN
EVERYBODY
LOSES...AND
EVERYBODY
DOES....
THE GAMES
MUST BE
CROOKED!

THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO STOP FARO...
THAT'S BY GETTING
PROOF HE IS
CHEATING. AN EXPOSE
BY THE **STAR** WOULD
MAKE THE SUCKERS
BOYCOTT THE
FORTUNE!



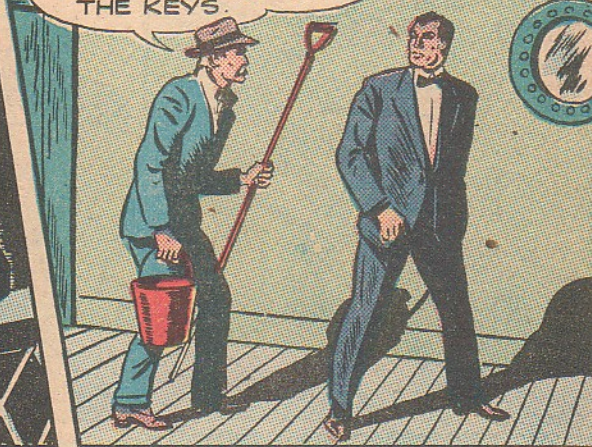
LATE THAT NIGHT....

THERE GOES
THE LAST
LAUNCH.
LOCK UP, LOU.
I'M GOING
TO BED.



AN OLD MAN APPROACHES LOU.....

I GOTTA CLEAN UP
THE OFFICE. GIVE ME
THE KEYS.

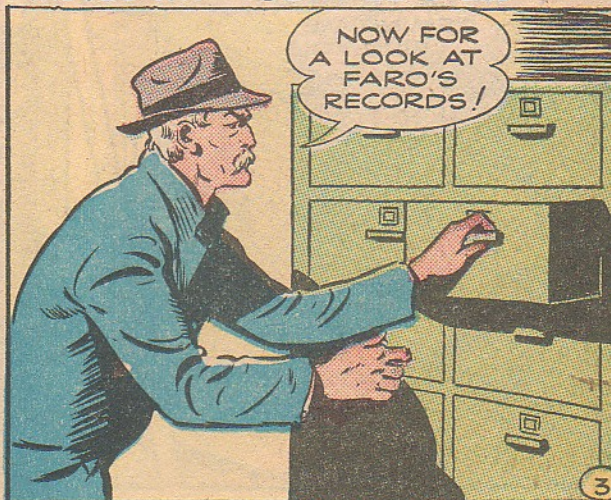


OKAY,
OLD TIMER!
DO A GOOD
JOB.



IN FARO'S OFFICE, THE OLD MAN
MOVES WITH YOUTHFUL SPEED.

NOW FOR
A LOOK AT
FARO'S
RECORDS!



SOON...

GREAT! INSTRUCTIONS FOR FARO'S MEN, TELLING THEM HOW MUCH THEY MUST CLEAR, AND WHEN TO START CHEATING!

MEANWHILE....

I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THAT NEWSPAPER GUY LEAVE, BOSS. YA DIDN'T BUMP HIM OFF, DID YA?

SHUT UP AND GIVE ME THE KEYS!

KEYS? I GAVE 'EM TO THE SCRUB-MAN. HE'S IN YOUR OFFICE.

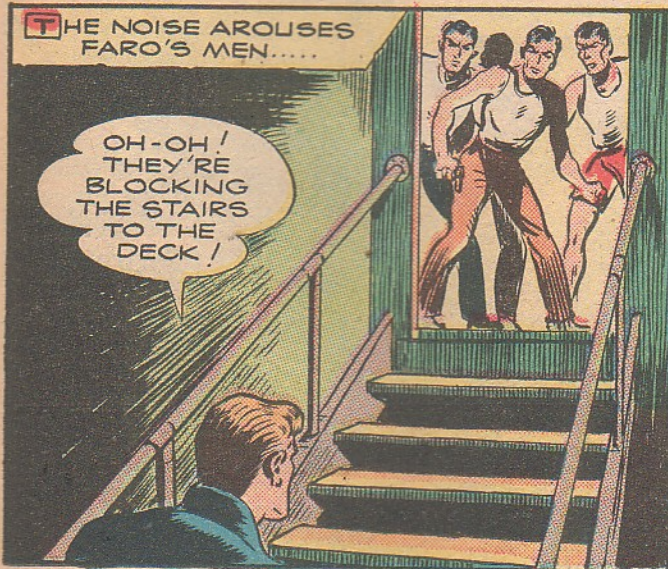
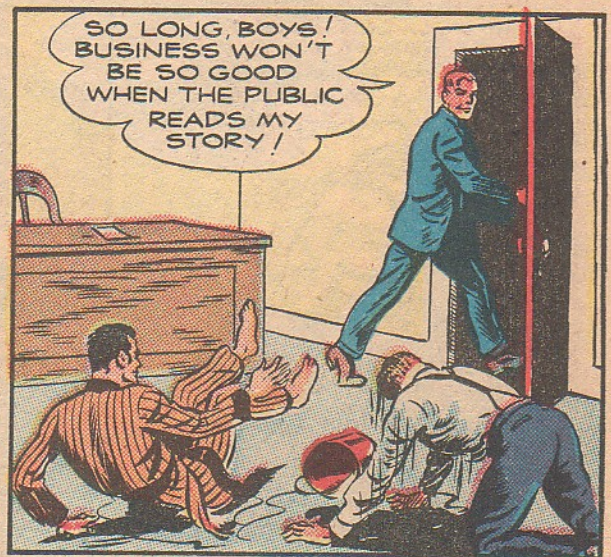
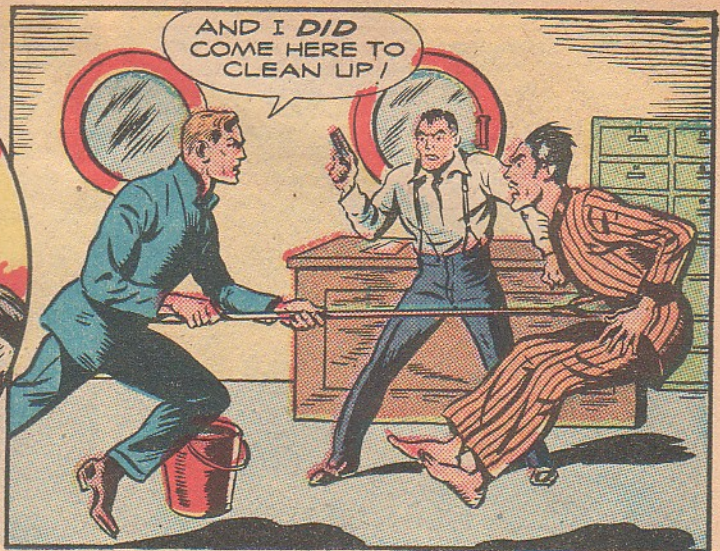
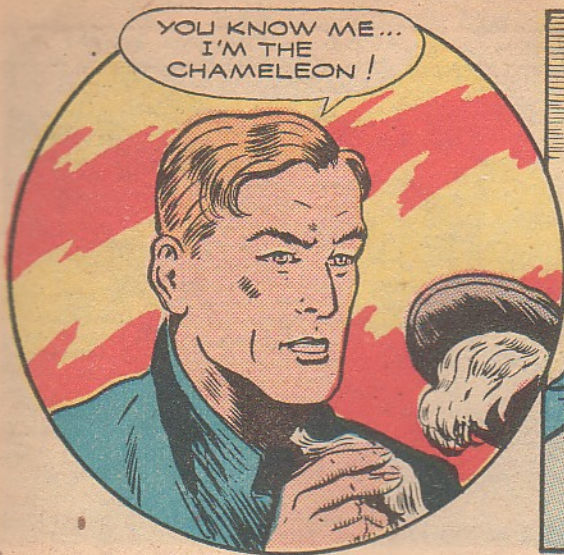
HUH?

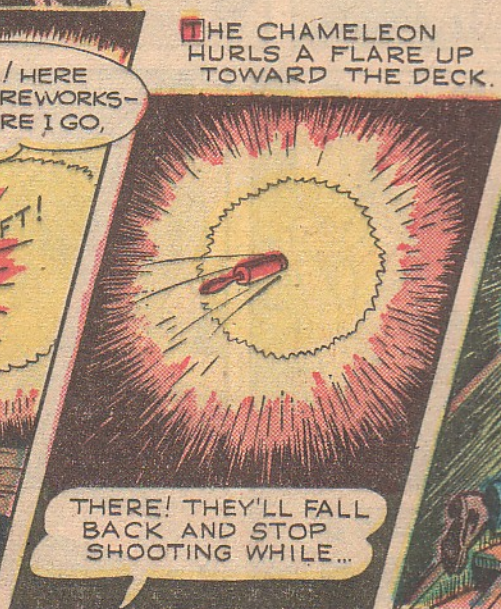
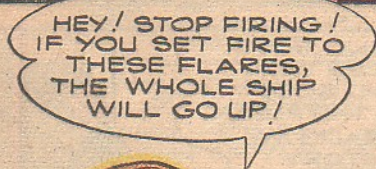
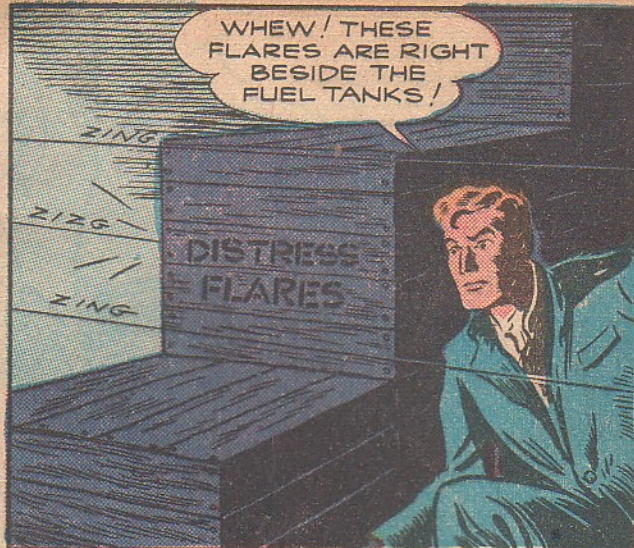
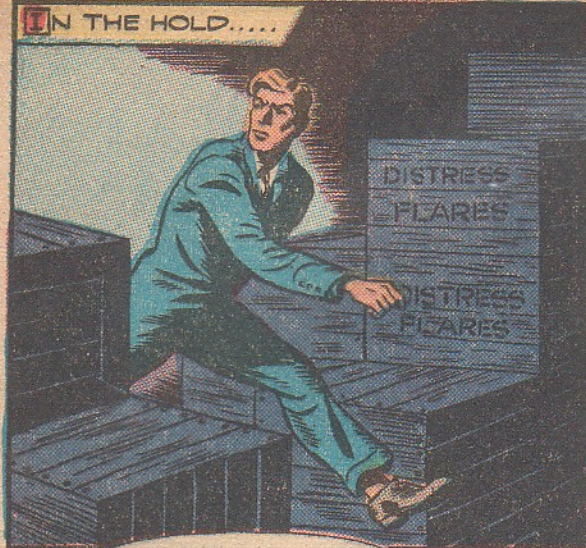
DOPE! THERE IS NO SCRUBMAN!! IT'S SOME TRICK!

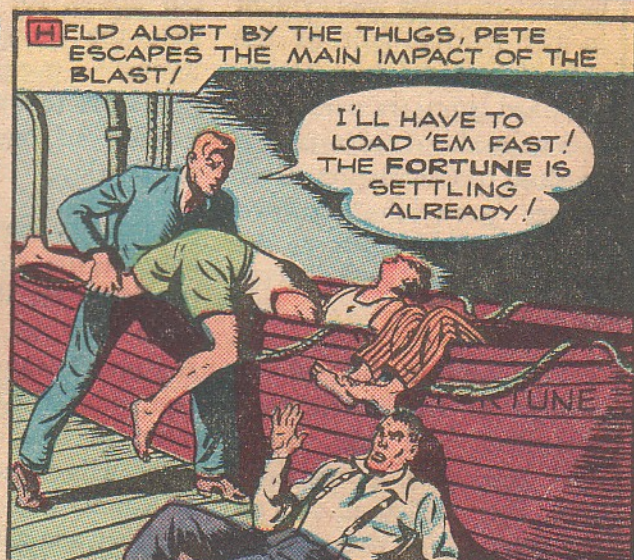
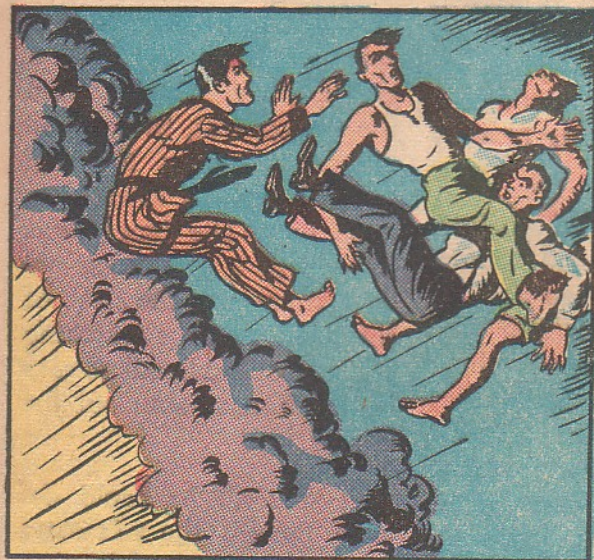
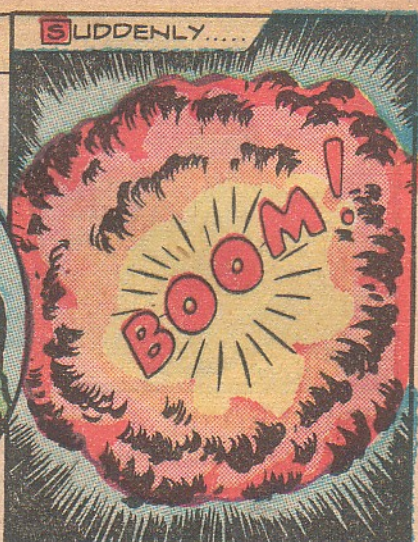
C'MON, SAP!

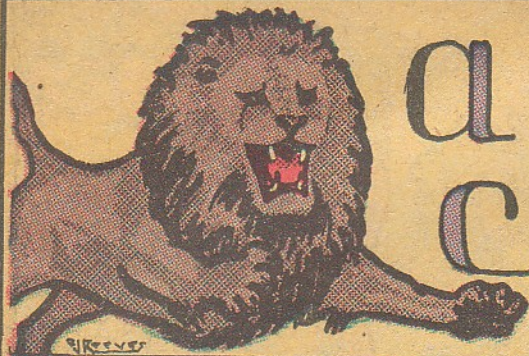
I GOT A HUNCH WHO THAT GUY IS... AND IF I'M RIGHT, REMIND ME TO FIRE YOU!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR GAME?









a King's command

by John Graham

PULLED by a solitary Cape buffalo, the crude native wagon moved slowly over the sun-baked veldt. Great weariness was evident in the halting gait of the animal, yet the two sweat-streaked warriors who plodded at its head were almost as close to exhaustion. Ever slower grew the pace of men and beast alike, as the pitiless jungle sun exacted its toll.

The buffalo brayed its protest at this inhuman treatment and big, dumb eyes beseeched a moment's rest. Pity welled in N'Tao, the elder of the two natives, but he urged the creature on with words from parched and tortured lips. Well he knew how futile it was to beg rest from the tyrant, Waso, who rode in the wagon. For days now, so many that N'Tao had lost count, Waso had driven the buffalo and the guides at a pace that defied all endurance — driven them merely to satisfy his mad sense of power.

"Wah!" grumbled N'Tao, "it is insane, this pointless haste. But protest we may not, for tribal law ordains

that King Waso's word cannot be disputed. He is mad beyond doubt, yet N'Rundi and myself must bear with our abuse, for it is written that the king can do no wrong — even when he regards his fellow men as the lowliest of beasts, fit only for beating."

It was so. Seated comfortably in the shaded wagon, the heavy-set Waso watched intently as N'Tao and N'Rundi swayed on aching feet. Beasts! That is all they were to him, the supreme ruler. His gaze narrowed to N'Rundi, who was staggering forward with the uncomprehending stare of one sick with the sun madness. Did this dolt dare to slow down the progress of Waso? Well, there was a way to fix that! He reached back in the wagon and his big fist closed over a bull whip.

Suddenly the whip snaked viciously through the air and smacked against the already raw and bleeding back of N'Rundi. One shrill scream of agony attested to the force of the blow, then N'Rundi toppled heavily to the ground, his spear rolling from his hands. Unconscious

to everything but pain, N'Rundi lay inert, whimpering his hurt.

The sight aroused no pity in Waso, but served only to spur the mad king to a greater fury. Leaping from the wagon seat, he towered over the helpless N'Rundi and rained blow after blow upon him. The jungle was alive with a screaming accompaniment to the slash of the whip, and the watching N'Tao clapped hands to ears in an effort to shut out the horror.

It was all he could do, even though the piteous moans of his blood brother set him frantic. N'Tao was helpless, for by jungle law Waso was king and the king could do no wrong. If Waso regarded N'Tao and N'Rundi no better than beasts then, aiee—they were but beasts! Such was the tribal code; in all things was the king powerful.

"Up!" thundered Waso. "On your feet, I say, or I'll flay you to death. Hear me, thou beast! Waso, the all-powerful, commands you to rise!" Each order was punctuated with a fresh blow of

the whip and a blood-curdling scream. "Up! Up, you animal! You have not the brains of a beast, but I, Waso the Great, bid you rise!"

It seemed as though the very fury of Waso penetrated the befuddled brain of N'Rundi. He whimpered and rolled over on his back, hands raised in futile defense against the slashing whip. Slowly he began to rise, until at length he stood tottering before the triumphant Waso. The king laughed and fetched him a fresh blow before turning his attention to the cowering N'Tao.

"Behold, old one, how a ruler handles reluctant animals! Now set your fellow beast in motion, or you, too, shall taste my lash! Quickly, dolt! Waso has no patience with the stupidity of those who are no better than beasts!"

Waso lumbered back to the wagon, laughing wildly as he picked up the reins. Ho! It was great to be absolute and to command both the two-legged and four-legged beasts at will! He watched, grinning craftily, as old N'Tao bent to pick up the spear of the staggering N'Rundi. Here was an idea! He would make all the beasts run, run their mightiest for his pleasure! Again he fondled the whip!

N'Tao shrieked as the lash found his aged back! Aiee! Truly, Waso was mad! What was this? He commanded that they run! Run as beasts in the sweltering

noonday sun? Wah, it was madness, but if Waso so decreed then they must so do. Let them be as beasts then, if Waso commanded!

The journey was a nightmare now. Drunk with rage and power, Waso flailed N'Tao, N'Rundi and the Cape buffalo indiscriminately. Were they not all beasts? Great sobs were wrung from the chest of N'Tao and the brush swam dizzily before his reddened eyes. Yet he had no thought of stopping, and drained some hidden reservoir of strength in order to keep running his mad race to nowhere. The brutal whip tore ever at his back, but he did not need this to urge him on. If his ruler Waso commanded him to run as a beast, then so be it; he would run as the beast until he died.

It was Waso who wearied first of the mad pastime. He bellowed for N'Tao and N'Rundi to cease. Their king had need of sleep. Obediently, they halted and watched as the monarch descended from the wagon and flung his heavy body in the shade of the veldt grass. Though hatred filled them, they were powerless to attack him, for even though he slept, Waso was yet their king.

N'Tao and N'Rundi had scarcely lowered their bodies to the cool ground when they heard the roar, the bellow of a hunting lion. Keen ears, attuned to jungle sounds, listened closely. Was it a man-eater? Aiee! Yes, it was! This was Simba — a lion who had tasted blood! The warriors' next move-

ments were guided by instinct, for the ominous roar was closer, ever closer. Swiftly, N'Tao and N'Rundi took to the treetops, the only place a man-eating lion could not get to them. Yes, they were safe, but what of the slumbering Waso? In their panic, they had completely forgotten their absolute king.

The tawny one burst fiercely into the clearing, roaring for blood. He growled at the two natives perched safely in the trees, knowing that he could not get to them. Then he sighted Waso. The tribal king, face blanched with terror, had gotten to his feet and stood quaking before the king of beasts. He howled in terror, then darted for a nearby tree. Too late! His speed did not nearly equal the leap of the roaring lion who bore him down beneath its charge.

But he could yet be saved! N'Rundi crawled out on the edge of a limb and poised his spear. He was just about to release it when N'Tao grasped his arm. "You cannot throw it, N'Rundi," N'Tao said. "Did not our king decree that we were but dumb beasts? Would you then defy our new king? If Waso says that we have but the intelligence of a beast, then we owe allegiance to the lion. I have spoken. We cannot disobey a king, though it means another's life."

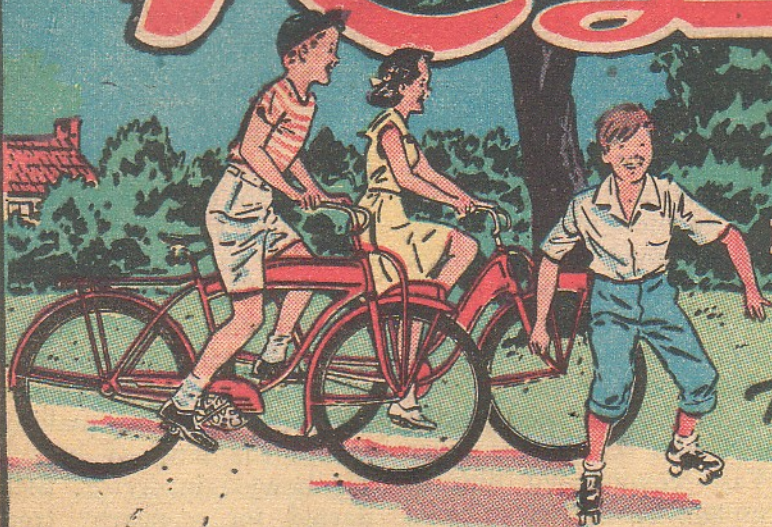
N'Rundi lowered his spear and the jungle was hideous with the screams of Waso. The law of the jungle had prevailed.

THE END

Rollfast

Streamlined
BICYCLES

BALL-BEARING
ROLLER SKATES



They're Super!

Ask the kids
who have 'em

FREE
BICYCLE
CATALOG
Write Dept. P

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. CO., INC. • ROLLFAST BLDG. • NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

WOULD YOU SAY
THAT A MISTLETOE
IS A VINE OR
A TREE?

NEITHER-IT'S AN
EXCUSE THAT STARTS
WITH A SPRIG,BECOMES
A CLINGING VINE,AND
THEN GROWS INTO
A TREE!!

WHAT'S A
SYNONYM?

ER-THAT'S THE
STUFF THEY PUT
ON BUNS IN
THE BAKERY!!

MILTY
HAMMER

GARY STARK

by
DON RICO

IT IS WAR!

DETERMINED TO PREVENT ZALO, THE RIGHTFUL RULER, FROM REGAINING HIS THRONE, BOLO LEADS HIS FOLLOWERS AGAINST THE COLONY OF LADY JADE, WHO IS SHELTERING ZALO AND GARY ---



IN LADY JADE'S HUT ---

SO THAT SKUNK, BOLO, HAS SET HIMSELF UP AS THE KINGPIN, EH?

AS SOON AS MY SUBJECTS KNOW I'M BACK, THEY'LL DISPOSE OF HIM!



MEANWHILE--AT THE COLONY'S OUTPOST--

WELL-- I'M ON
YOUR SIDE, ZALO!
I THINK YOU
GOT A RAW DEAL!

I'LL
NEVER
FORGET THIS,
LADY JADE!

MOVEMENT
AT END OF
JUNGLE!

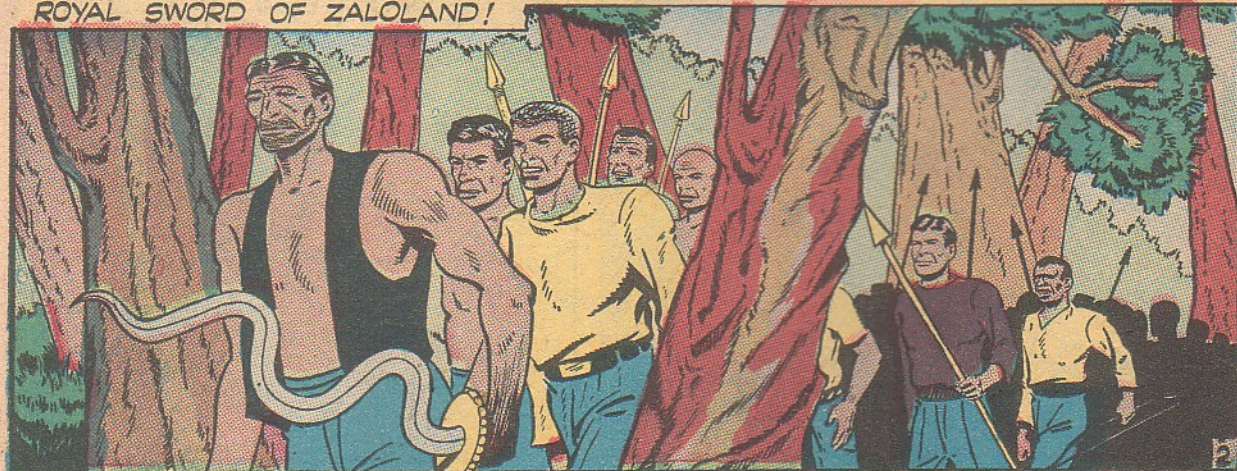
WHO
STIRS?

FULL SPEED!
QUICK--TELL--

MEN!
MANY MEN!
WARRIORS!

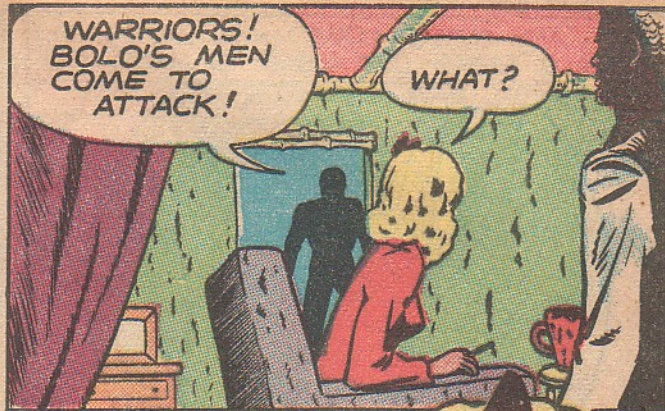
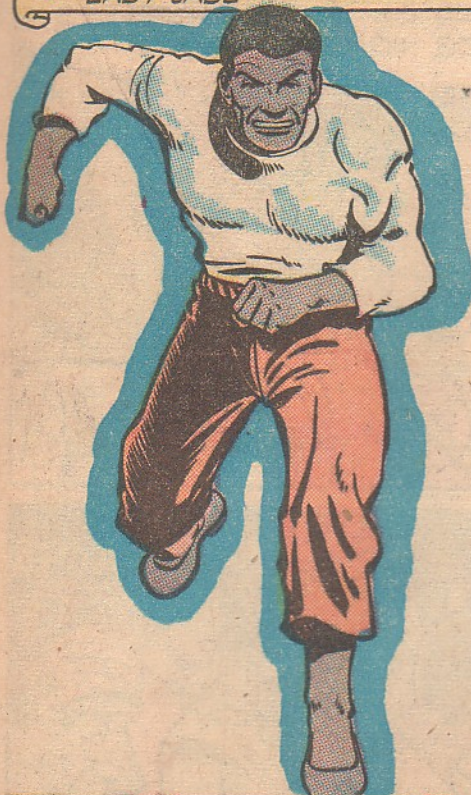
AGH!

LIKE A RELENTLESS TIDE, BOLO'S ARMY OF WARRIORS MARCHES TOWARD LADY JADE'S COLONY, WITH BOLO HIMSELF AT THE HEAD, CARRYING THE ROYAL SWORD OF ZALOLAND!



Q QUESTION
No. 9. Where is Kenya Colony located?

THE GUARD SPEEDS TO WARN LADY JADE



**WARRIORS!
BOLO'S MEN
COME TO
ATTACK!**

WHAT?

**QUICKLY!
PASS OUT
AMMUNITION!
WE'LL FIX
THAT RAT!!**



**NO--
WAIT!**

**WHAT? ZALO,
ARE YOU BUGS?
DO YOU WANT
THAT MOB TO
WIPE US OUT?**

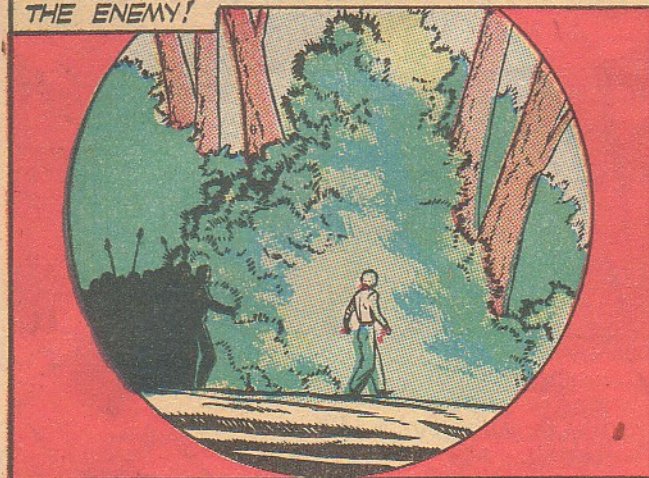
**NO--AND I
DO NOT WANT TO
SEE MY PEOPLE
AND YOURS HURT
IN A SENSELESS
WAR, EITHER!
THE QUARREL IS
BETWEEN BOLO
AND ME! I HAVE
A PLAN!**



**THERE'S
ONLY ONE
PLAN---
FIGHT
FIRE WITH
FIRE!**

**PREPARE
YOUR MEN,
LADY JADE!
IF MY
PLAN FAILS--
-- THEN FIGHT!**

AS LADY JADE'S ARMED MEN WATCH,
ZALO STEPS OUT ALONE TO MEET
THE ENEMY!



THAT GUY IS
SURE TAKIN' HIS
LIFE IN HIS
HANDS, KID!

HE HAS FAITH
IN HIS PEOPLE!
I HOPE HE'S
RIGHT!



BOLO'S MEN
STOP IN THE
CLEARING, AND
ARE SHOCKED
INTO
SILENCE!

BEFORE THEM
STANDS THE
STILL FIGURE
OF THEIR
KING!!



SUDDENLY ONE VOICE PIERCES THE
STILLNESS--



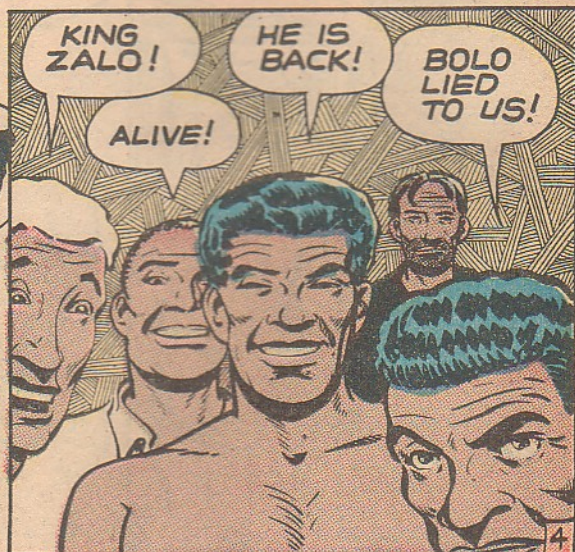
ZALO!

KING
ZALO!

HE IS
BACK!

BOLO
LIED
TO US!

ALIVE!



QUESTION No. 10. Was "The Voice of Bugle Ann" a movie about a cow, a dog, or a duck?

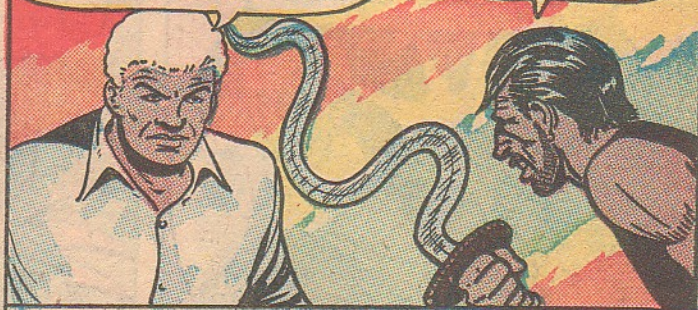
BUT ONE PERSON IS NOT HAPPY TO SEE THE KING ---

YES, YOU ARE BACK! BUT I AM KING-- FOR I HAVE THE ROYAL SWORD!



SO I SEE, TRAITOR! BUT I MEAN TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU!

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN!



THE NATIVES FORM A CIRCLE AROUND BOLO AND ZALO AS THEY FACE EACH OTHER FOR THE DEATH STRUGGLE!



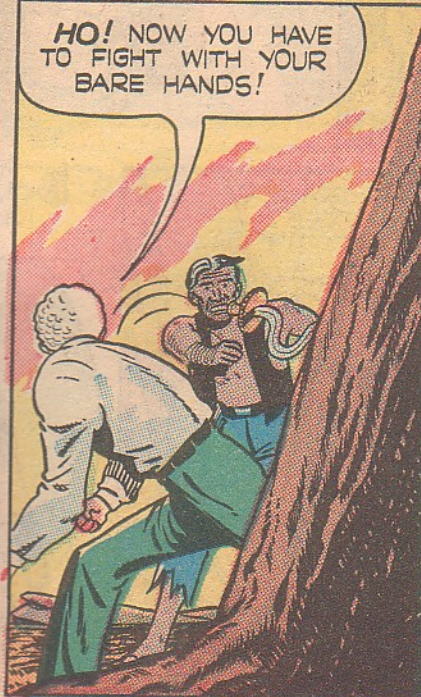
DIE, DOG!!

NOT BY YOUR HAND!



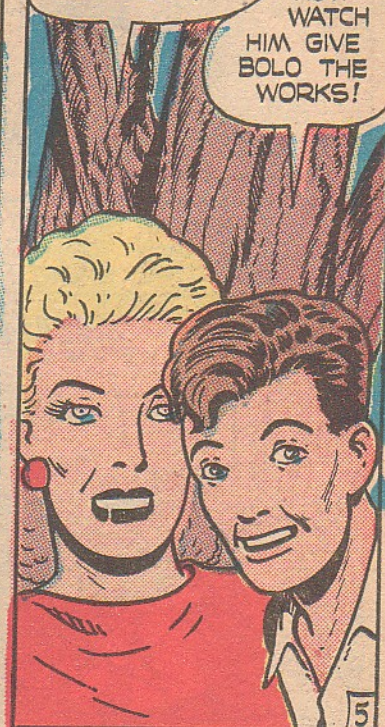
ZALO DUCKS, AND THE SWORD FLIES FROM BOLO'S GRIP, BURYING ITS TIP IN A PANDANUS TREE!

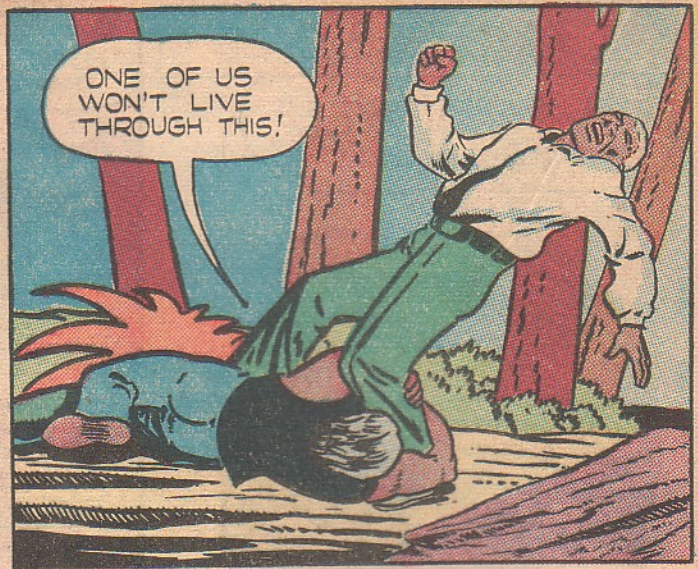
HO! NOW YOU HAVE TO FIGHT WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!



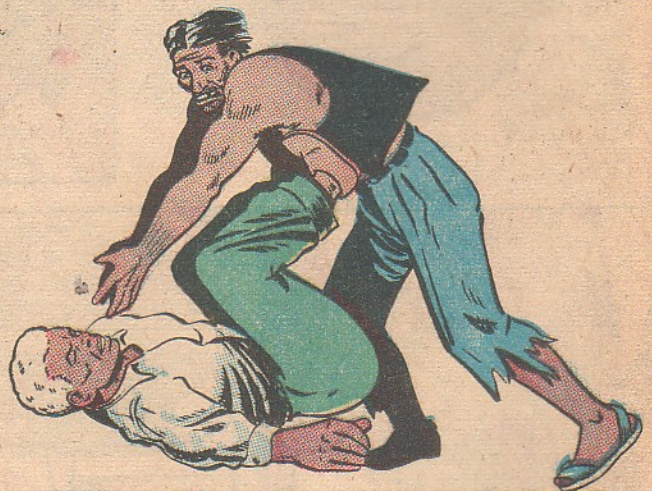
OH! THANK GOODNESS! HE'S ALL RIGHT!

I TOLD YOU! NOW--WATCH HIM GIVE BOLO THE WORKS!

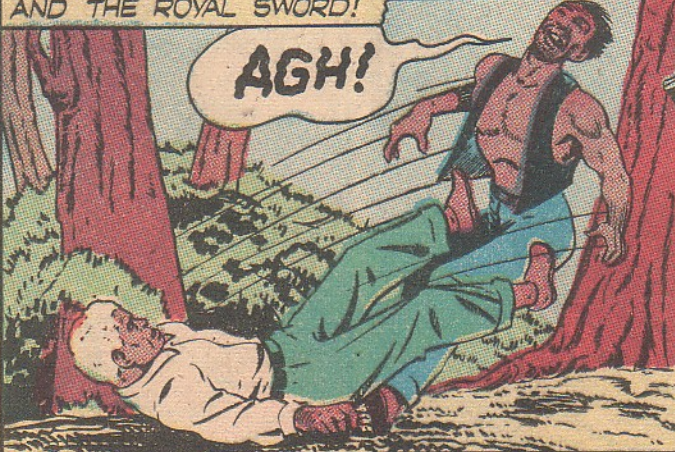




BUT ZALO GETS HIS FEET AGAINST BOLOS' CHEST

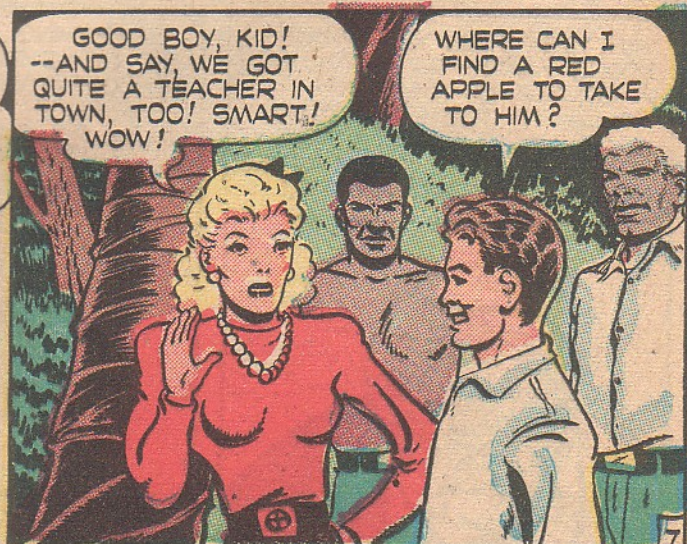
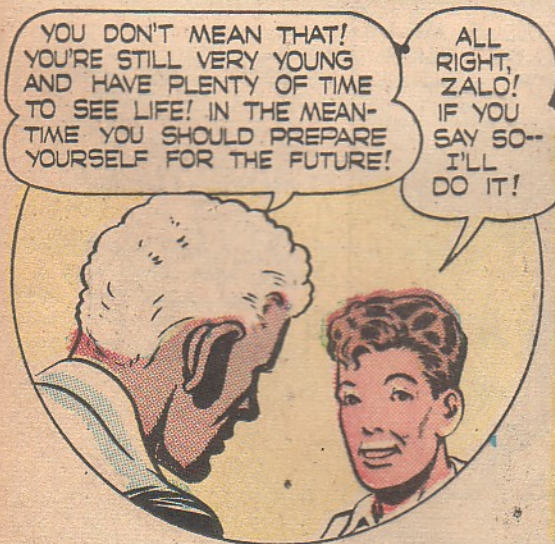
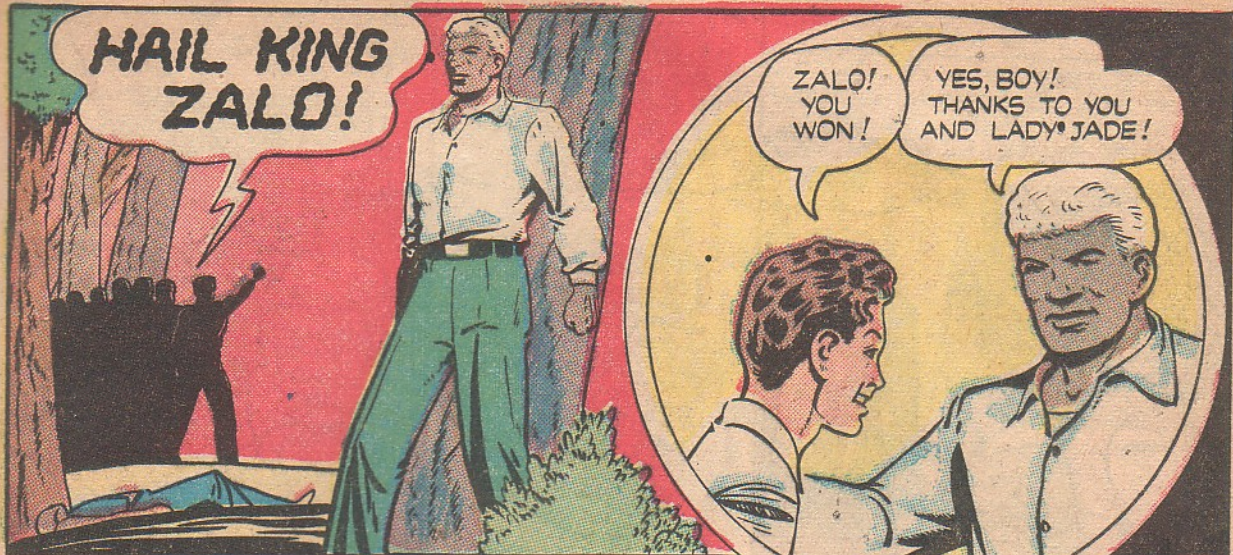


--AND HEAVES, SENDING THE TRAITOR
HURLING AWAY TOWARD THE TREE
AND THE ROYAL SWORD!



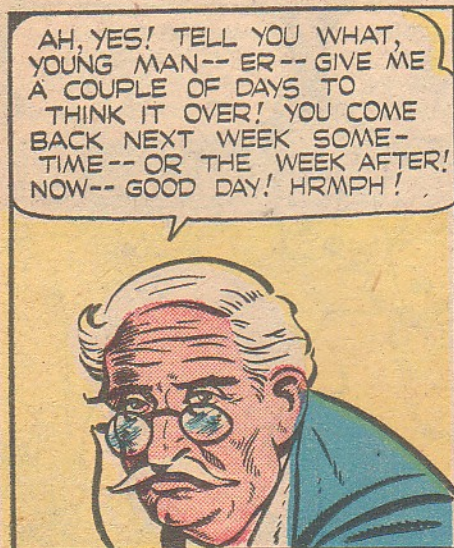
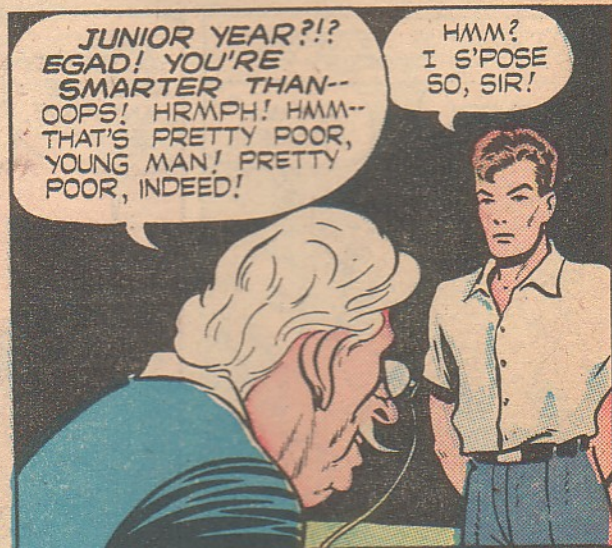
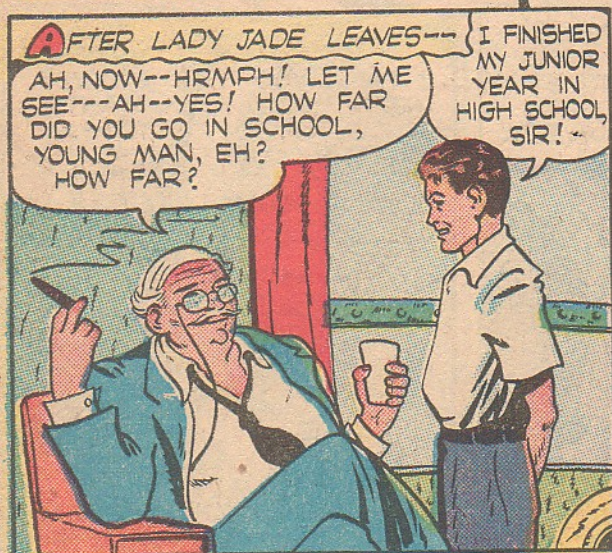
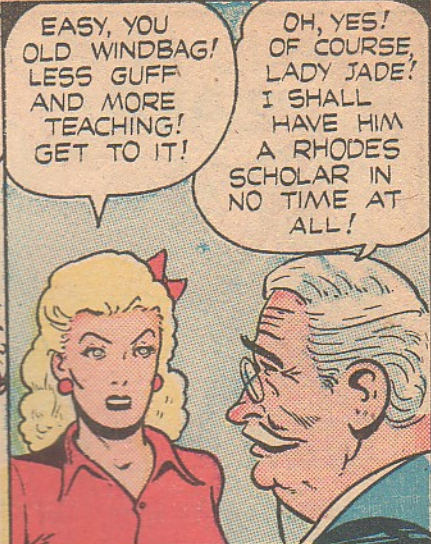
BOLO IS KILLED AS HE
FALLS AGAINST THE
BLADE ...





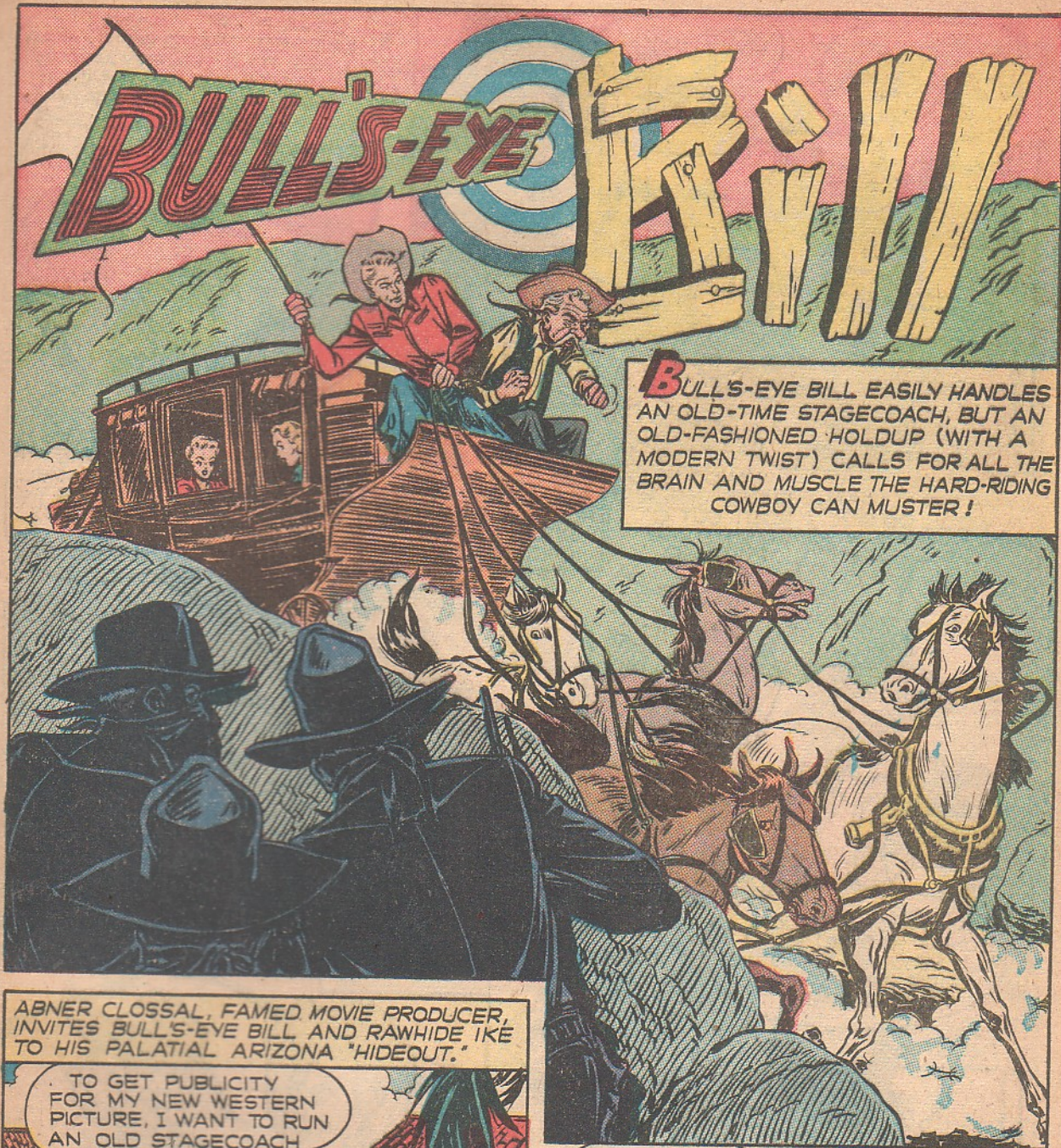


HRMPH! YOU LOOK BRIGHT, YOUNG MAN-- VERY BRIGHT!-- ER-- BRILLIANT, I MIGHT SAY! HRMPH! YES, INDEED!



BUT SOMETHING TELLS US THAT WHEREVER GARY IS-- THERE IS ADVENTURE!

SO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM AND HIS NEW FRIENDS IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



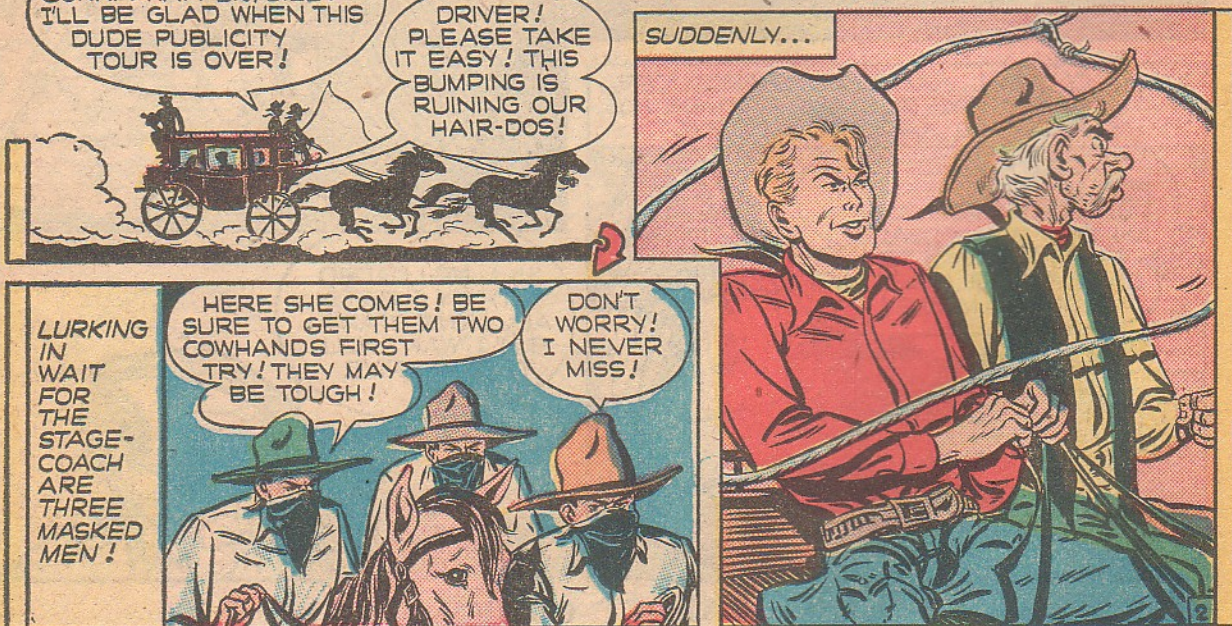
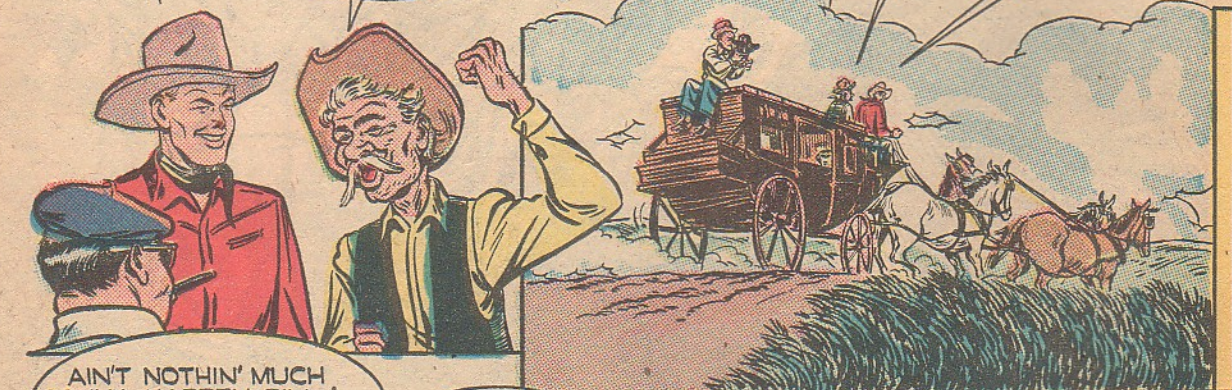
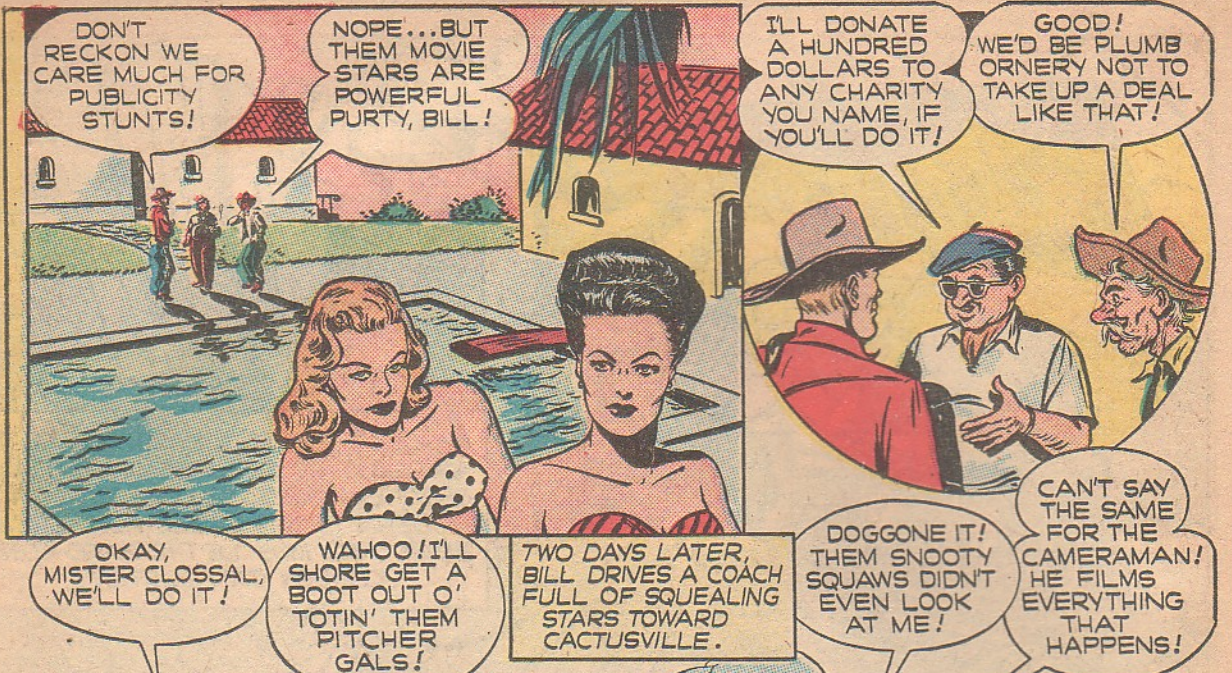
ABNER CLOSSAL, FAMED MOVIE PRODUCER, INVITES BULL'S-EYE BILL AND RAWHIDE IKE TO HIS PALATIAL ARIZONA "HIDEOUT."

TO GET PUBLICITY FOR MY NEW WESTERN PICTURE, I WANT TO RUN AN OLD STAGECOACH FROM PHOENIX TO CACTUSVILLE, JUST LIKE IN MY MOVIE!

THE COACH WILL BE LOADED WITH MY GUESTS.. ALL MOVIE STARS.. BUT I WANT YOU TWO TO DRIVE IT!



TARGET COMICS



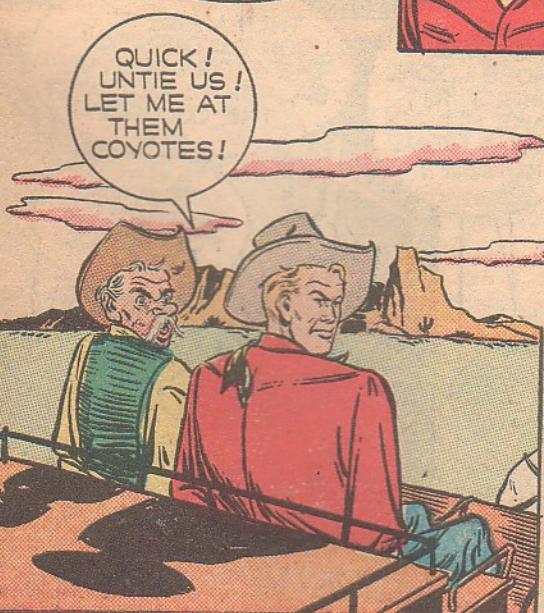


HEY!
WHAT'S
THE BIG
IDEE?

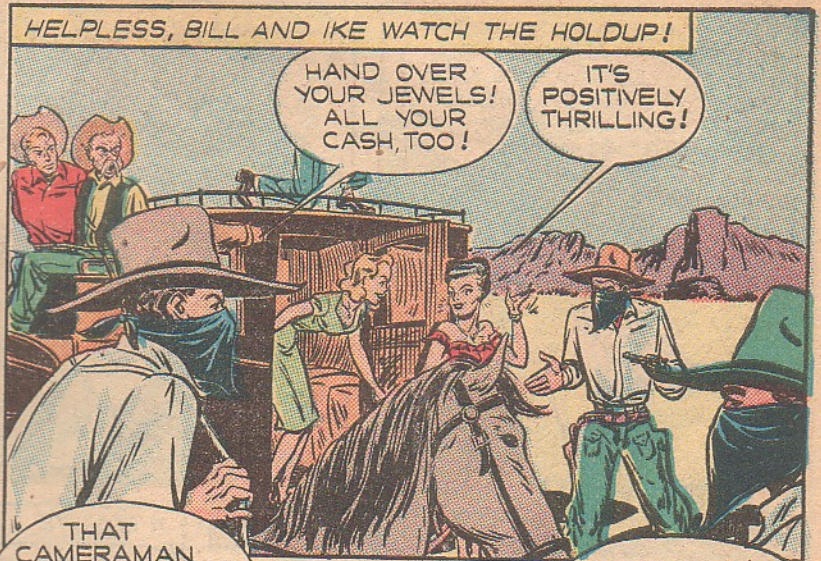
TAKE IT
EASY, GENTS!
IT'S A
STICK-UP!



IT'S
HOOMILIATING TO
BE TIED UP LIKE A
SACK A 'TATERS!
WHAT A CHANCE
TO BE HEROES!



QUICK!
UNTIE US!
LET ME AT
THEM
COYOTES!



HELPLESS, BILL AND IKE WATCH THE HOLDUP!

HAND OVER
YOUR JEWELS!
ALL YOUR
CASH, TOO!

IT'S
POSITIVELY
THRILLING!

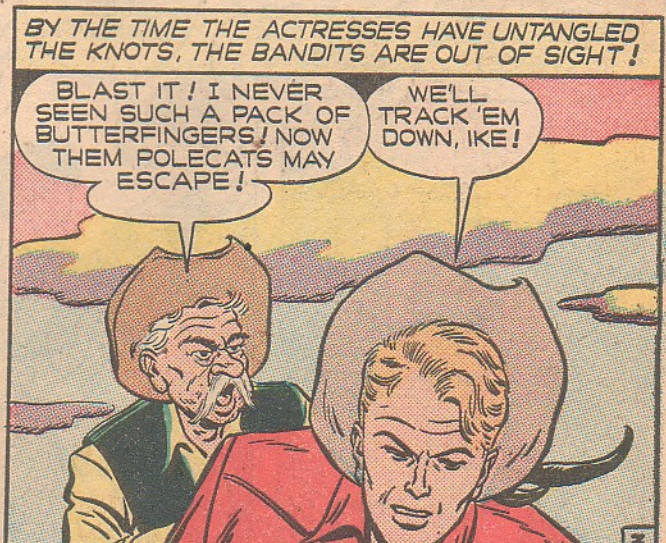


THAT
CAMERAMAN
IS A STUBBORN
CUSS. HE'S NOT
LETTING THE GUNS
SCARE HIM OFF
THE JOB!



SOON..

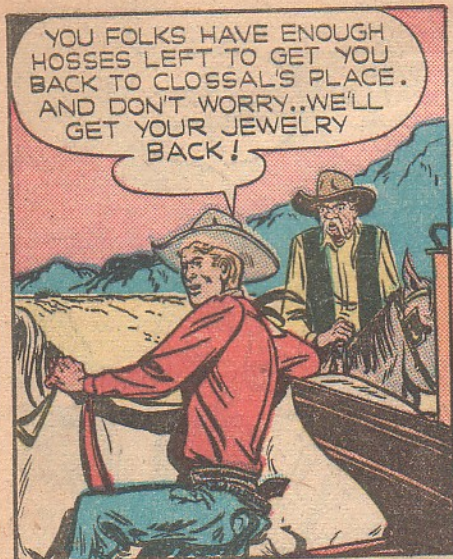
THANKS, FOLKS!
WE APPRECIATE
YOUR GENEROSITY!
BUT NOW..ADIOS!



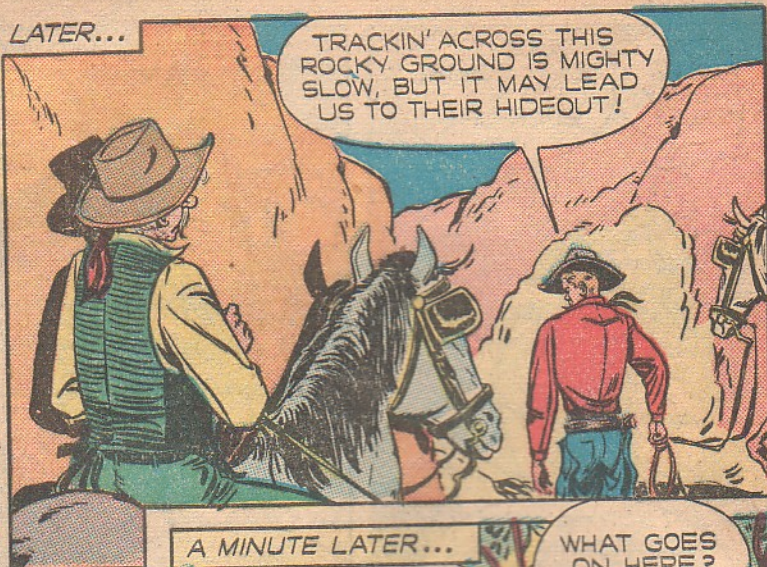
BY THE TIME THE ACTRESSES HAVE UNTANGLED THE KNOTS, THE BANDITS ARE OUT OF SIGHT!

BLAST IT! I NEVER
SEEN SUCH A PACK OF
BUTTERFINGERS! NOW
THEM POLECATS MAY
ESCAPE!

WE'LL
TRACK 'EM
DOWN, IKE!



LATER...



A MINUTE LATER...

THE STAGECOACH IS BACK..AND SO ARE THE BANDITS!

WHAT GOES ON HERE? EVERYBODY'S ACTING LIKE OLD FRIENDS!



THE TRACKS LEAD TO A SURPRISE!



THEY GAVE A GREAT PERFORMANCE, CLOSSAL! I'VE GOT SENSATIONAL PIX HERE!

WE MADE IT REALISTIC.. AND DID THOSE TWO COWBOYS FALL FOR IT!

HERE'S YOUR JEWELRY, MISS STARLIT!

WE NEEDED THOSE LOCAL YOKELS TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A REAL HOLDUP!

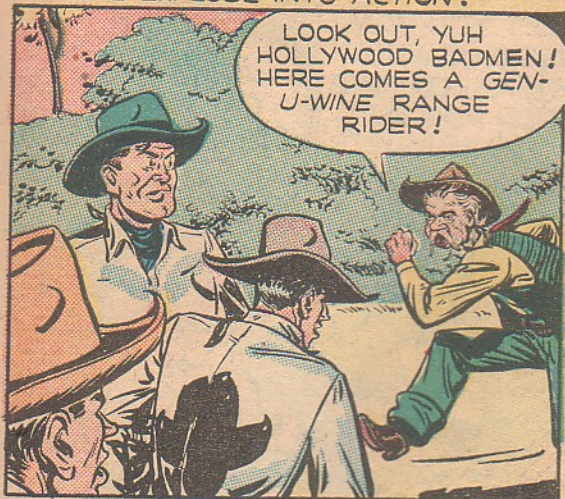
THEY MADE IT LOOK AUTHENTIC! THE STORY WILL BE SPLASHED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!

THEY'VE PLAYED US FOR FOOLS, IKE!

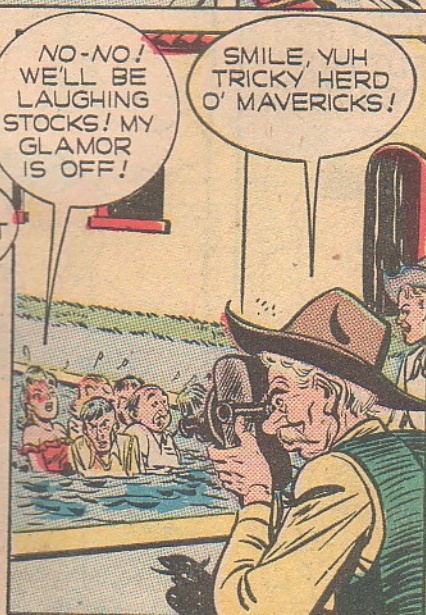
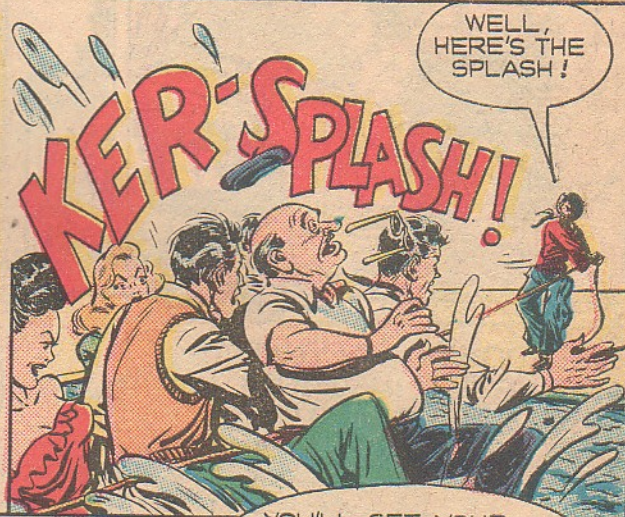


QUESTION No. 13. What state is known for its "rock-bound" coast?

ENRAGED AT THE DECEPTION, BILL AND
IKE EXPLODE INTO ACTION!



BILL YANKS BACK ON THE LASSO, AND...





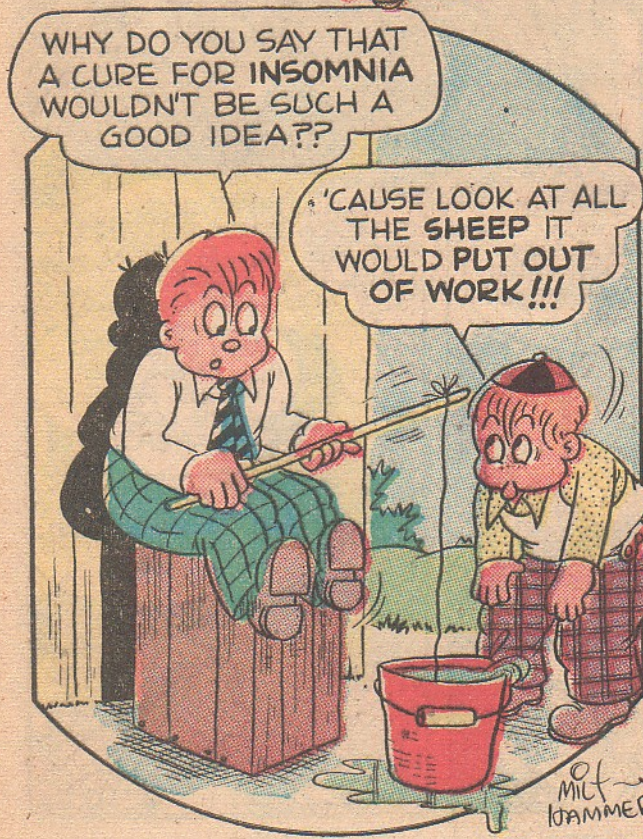
YOU OUGHT TO BE
ASHAMED OF
YOURSELF FOR BEING
LEFT BACK IN THE
SECOND GRADE
AGAIN !!!

WHY SHOULD I
BE? OUR TEACHER
WAS LEFT BACK
TOO!!



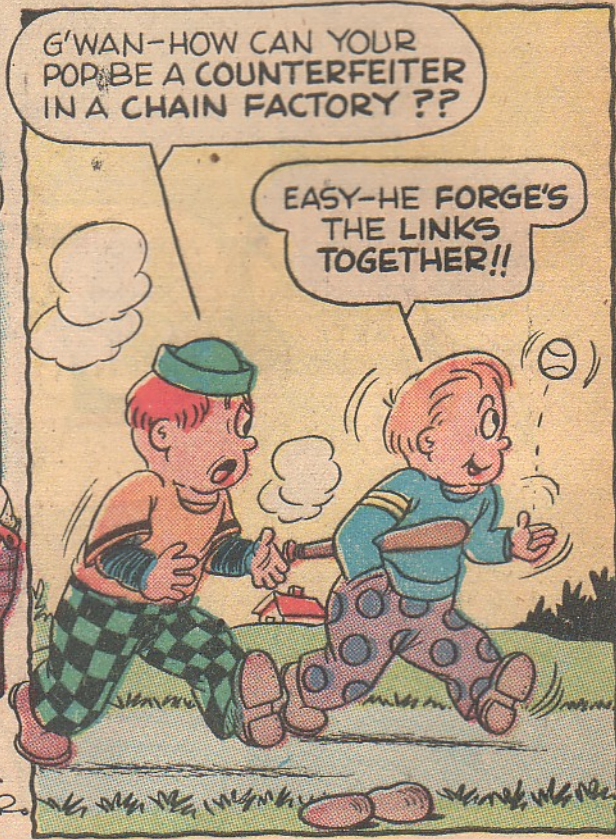
I BET YOU WERE
NERVOUS WHEN
YOU ASKED YOUR
POP FOR A
DOLLAR, HUH??

NAW-I WAS
CALM AND
COLLECTED!!



WHY DO YOU SAY THAT
A CURE FOR INSOMNIA
WOULDN'T BE SUCH A
GOOD IDEA??

'CAUSE LOOK AT ALL
THE SHEEP IT
WOULD PUT OUT
OF WORK!!!



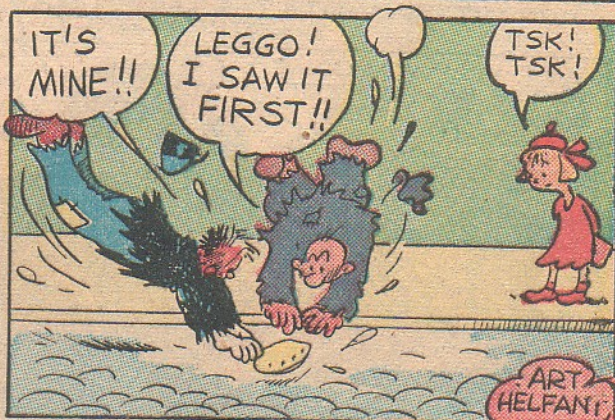
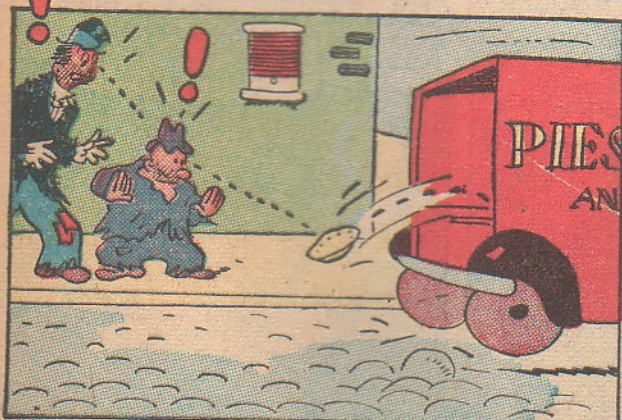
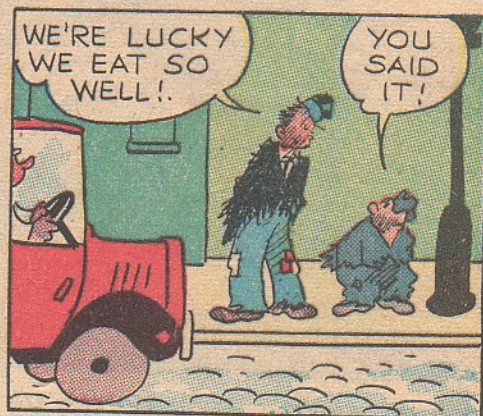
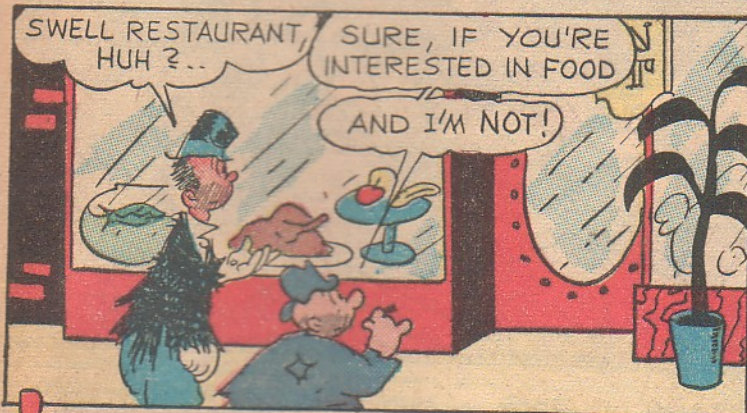
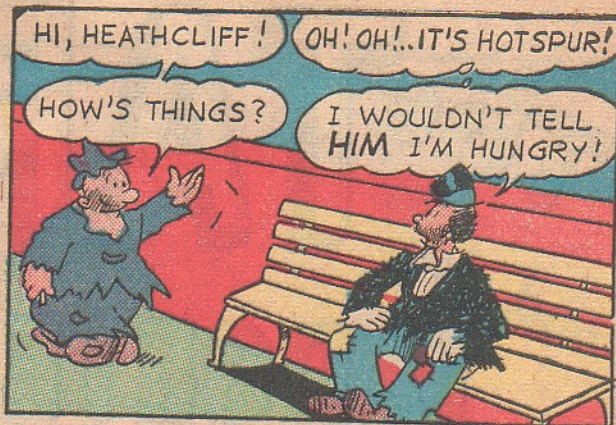
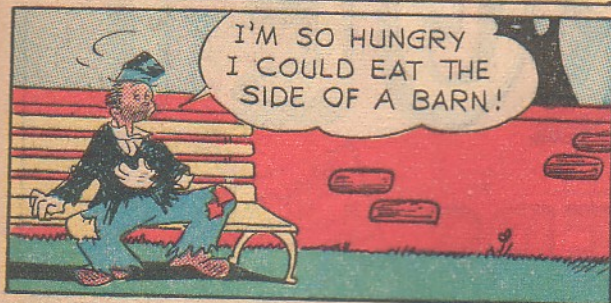
G'WAN-HOW CAN YOUR
POP BE A COUNTERFEITER
IN A CHAIN FACTORY ??

EASY-HE FORGE'S
THE LINKS
TOGETHER!!

MILT
HAMMER

TARGET COMICS

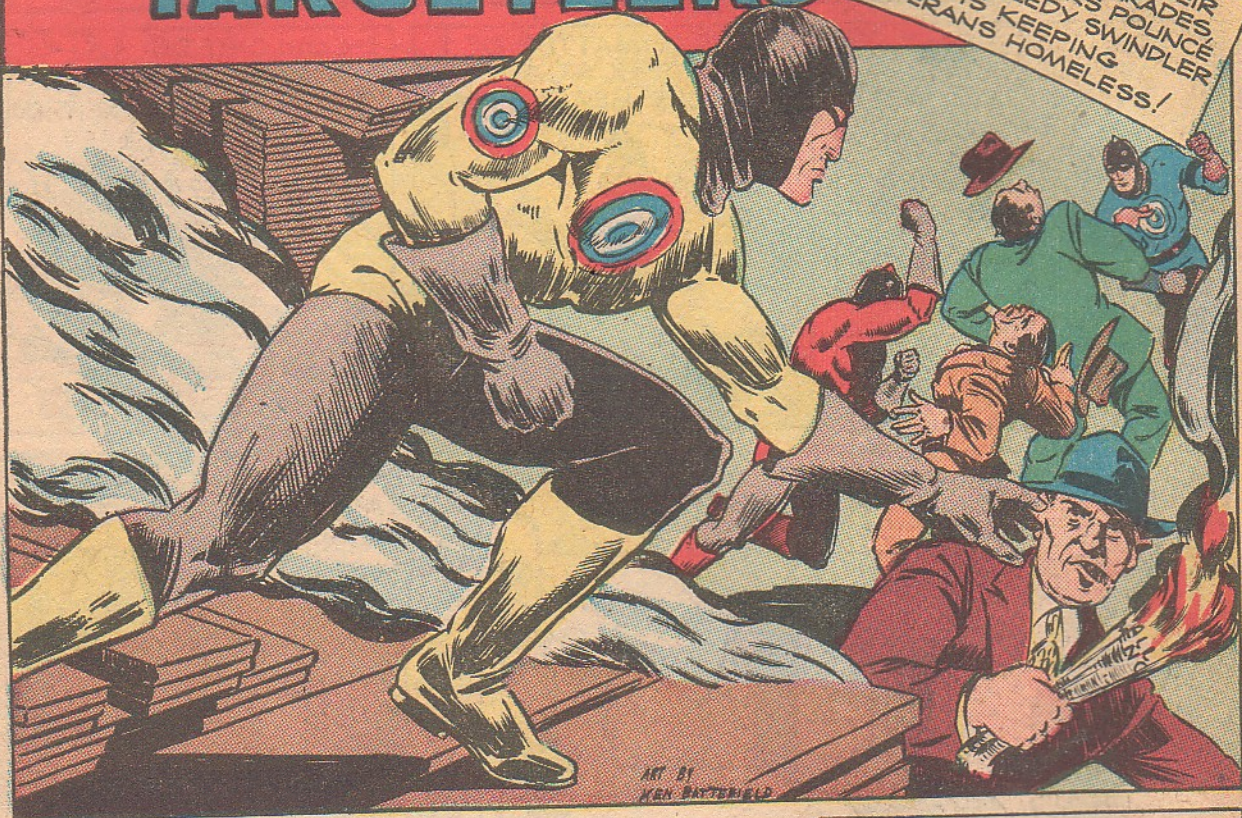
HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO



The TARGET

and the TARGETEERS

FIGHTING TO HELP THEIR WARTIME COMRADES, THE TARGETEERS POUNCE UPON A GREEDY SWINDLER WHO IS KEEPING VETERANS HOMELESS!



ART BY
KEN BEYERFIELD

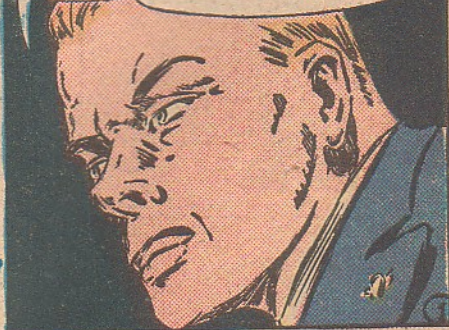
RUSS MARTIN, HEAD OF THE VETERANS' HOUSING COMMITTEE, VISITS THE TARGETEERS' TROUBLE-SHOOTER AGENCY.

HUNDREDS OF US VETERANS ARE TIRED OF LIVING IN CELLARS, ATTICS, HEN HOUSES AND TENTS. WE WANT TO BUILD HOMES, BUT WE CAN'T GET THE MATERIALS.

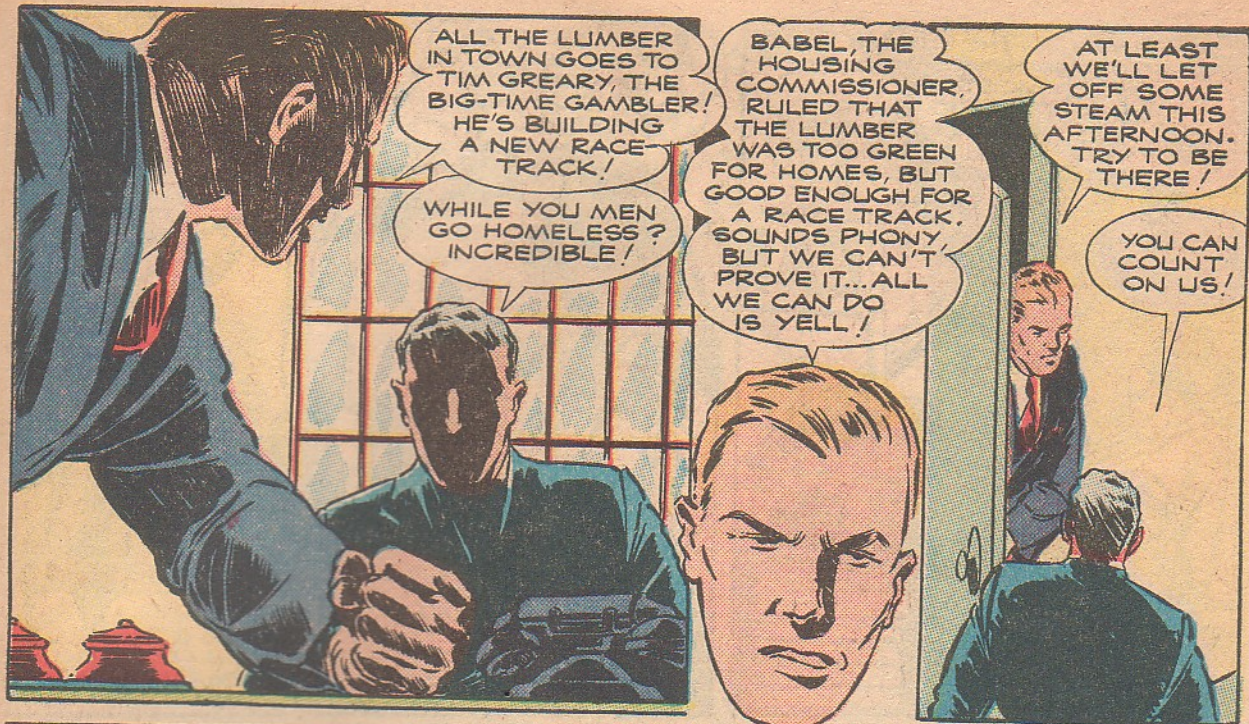


WILL YOU VETS COME TO THE BIG PROTEST RALLY THIS AFTER-NOON?

WHAT'S WRONG, MARTIN?



QUESTION No. 14. What type of tent might remind you of an animal?



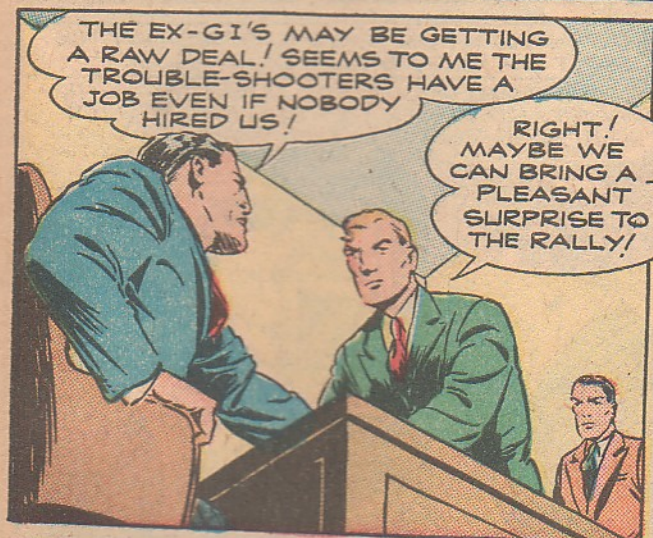
ALL THE LUMBER IN TOWN GOES TO TIM GREARY, THE BIG-TIME GAMBLER! HE'S BUILDING A NEW RACE-TRACK!

WHILE YOU MEN GO HOMELESS? INCREDIBLE!

BABEL, THE HOUSING COMMISSIONER, RULED THAT THE LUMBER WAS TOO GREEN FOR HOMES, BUT GOOD ENOUGH FOR A RACE TRACK. SOUNDS PHONY, BUT WE CAN'T PROVE IT... ALL WE CAN DO IS YELL!

AT LEAST WE'LL LET OFF SOME STEAM THIS AFTERNOON. TRY TO BE THERE!

YOU CAN COUNT ON US!



THE EX-GI'S MAY BE GETTING A RAW DEAL! SEEMS TO ME THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS HAVE A JOB EVEN IF NOBODY HIRED US!

RIGHT! MAYBE WE CAN BRING A PLEASANT SURPRISE TO THE RALLY!



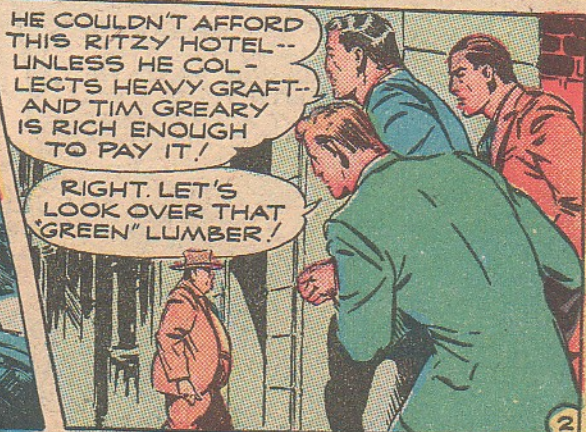
FIRST, WE'LL CHECK UP ON COMMISSIONER BABEL. HE'S THE MAN WITH POWER OVER ALL HOUSING MATERIALS.



SOON....

GOOD DAY, MR. BABEL. NICE NEW CAR YOU HAVE!

BABEL LIVES MIGHTY HIGH FOR A MAN ON HIS MODERATE SALARY!



HE COULDN'T AFFORD THIS RITZY HOTEL-- UNLESS HE COLLECTS HEAVY GRAFT-- AND TIM GREARY IS RICH ENOUGH TO PAY IT!

RIGHT. LET'S LOOK OVER THAT "GREEN" LUMBER!

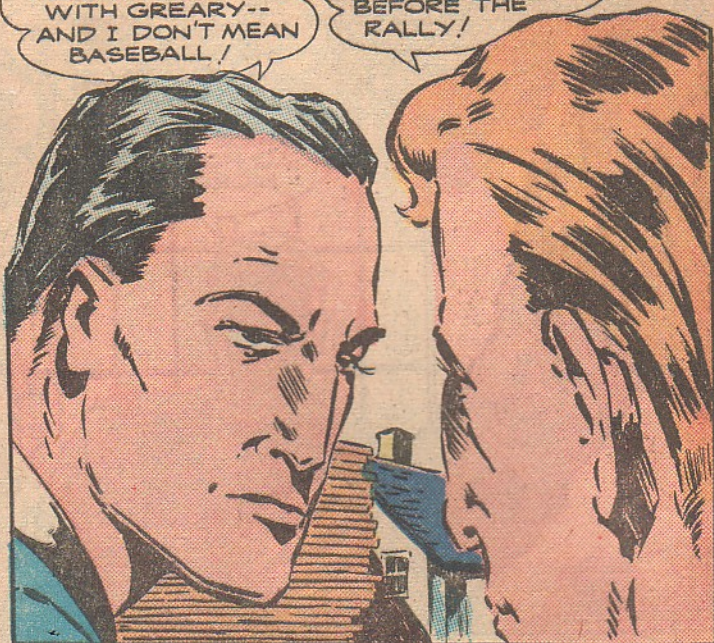
THEY HURRY TO THE LUMBER YARD.



MOST OF THIS WOOD IS WELL SEASONED! IT'S IDEAL FOR BUILDING HOUSES!

BABEL MUST BE PLAYING BALL WITH GREARY-- AND I DON'T MEAN BASEBALL!

GEE! IF ONLY WE COULD PROVE IT BEFORE THE RALLY!



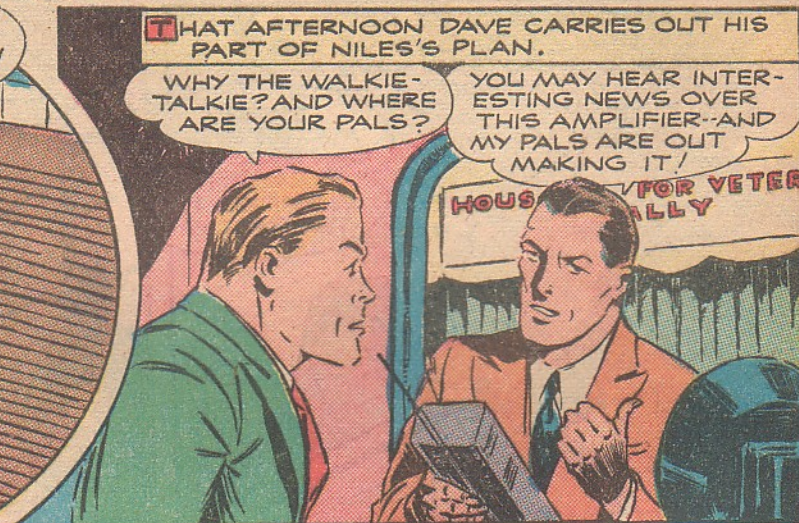
MAYBE WE CAN, IF EACH OF US DOES HIS JOB RIGHT. LISTEN TO THIS PLAN....

SPILL IT, NILES!

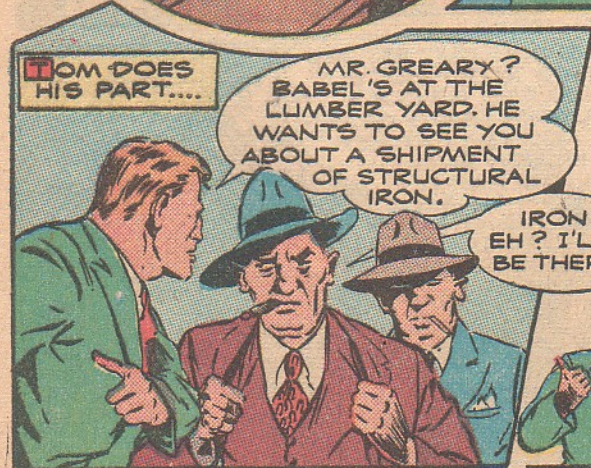
THAT AFTERNOON DAVE CARRIES OUT HIS PART OF NILES'S PLAN.

WHY THE WALKIE-TALKIE? AND WHERE ARE YOUR PALS?

YOU MAY HEAR INTERESTING NEWS OVER THIS AMPLIFIER--AND MY PALS ARE OUT MAKING IT!



HOUSE FOR VETERAN RALLY



TOM DOES HIS PART....

MR. GREARY? BABEL'S AT THE LUMBER YARD. HE WANTS TO SEE YOU ABOUT A SHIPMENT OF STRUCTURAL IRON.

IRON, EH? I'LL BE THERE!

TIM GREARY WANTS TO SEE YOU AT THE LUMBER YARD, MR. BABEL. HE'S WORRIED ABOUT A SHIPMENT OF IRON.

VERY WELL!

NILES MAKES PREPARATIONS AT THE MEETING PLACE.

THIS SENSITIVE MIKE ATTACHMENT TO THE WALKIE-TALKIE WILL CATCH EVERY WORD THEY SAY.

HSST! HSST!





EVERYTHING'S SET! THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY NOW!

GREAT! THEIR WHOLE DEAL WILL BE BROADCAST TO THE RALLY!



A MOMENT LATER.....

HERE THEY COME, DAVE!



WHILE... AT THE RALLY.....

THERE'S A MOB HERE, NILES. I HOPE THEY GET THE SURPRISE WE EXPECT!



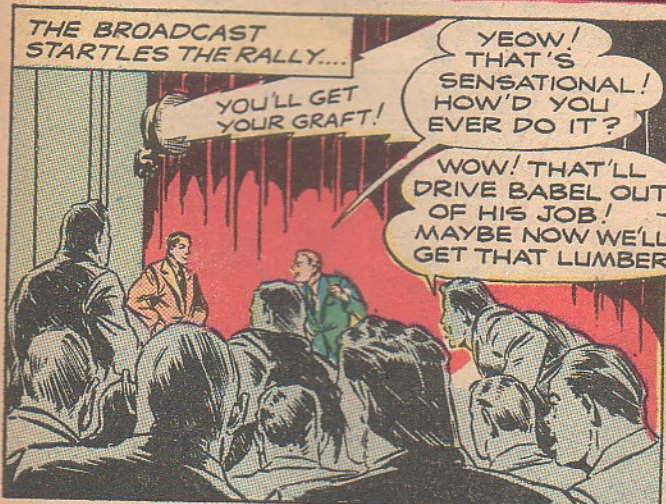
WHAT'S WORRYING YOU ABOUT THE IRON, GREARY? DIDN'T I SAY I'D CONDEMN IT JUST AS I DID THIS LUMBER?

SEE HERE, BABEL....



YOU'LL GET EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR YOUR RACE-TRACK--IF YOU CONTINUE YOUR--ER--DONATIONS.

DON'T WORRY YOU'LL GET YOUR GRAFT!

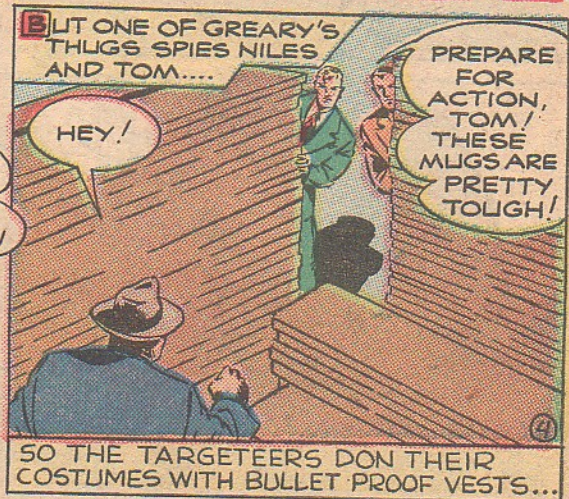


THE BROADCAST STARTLES THE RALLY....

YOU'LL GET YOUR GRAFT!

YEOW! THAT'S SENSATIONAL! HOW'D YOU EVER DO IT?

WOW! THAT'LL DRIVE BABEL OUT OF HIS JOB! MAYBE NOW WE'LL GET THAT LUMBER!

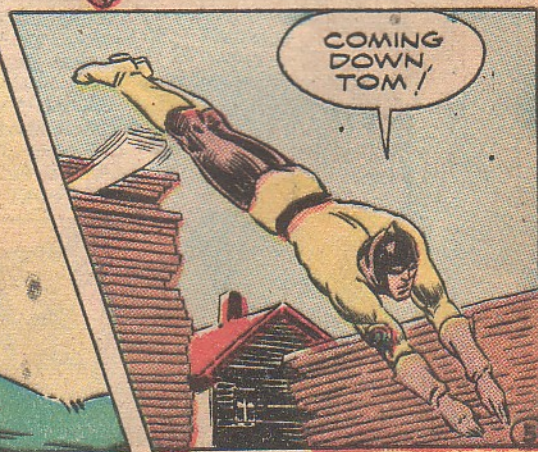
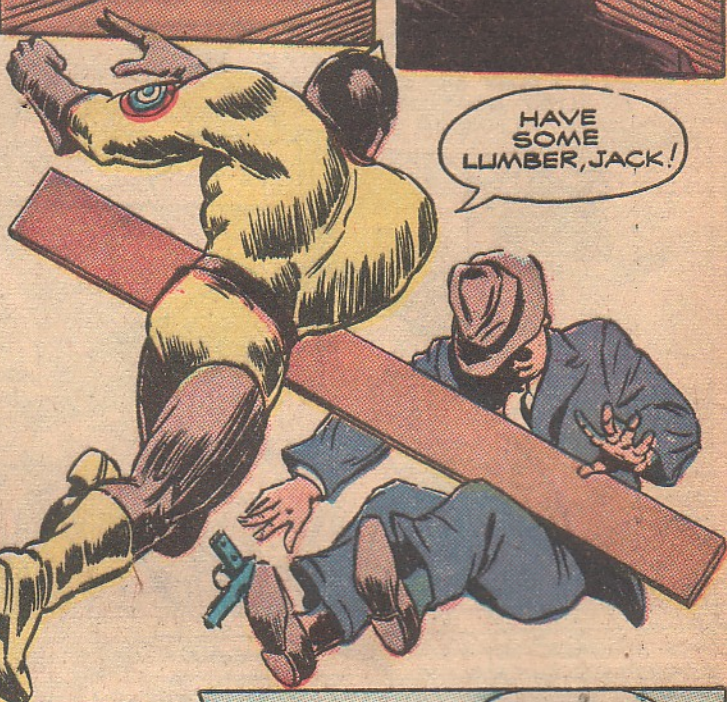
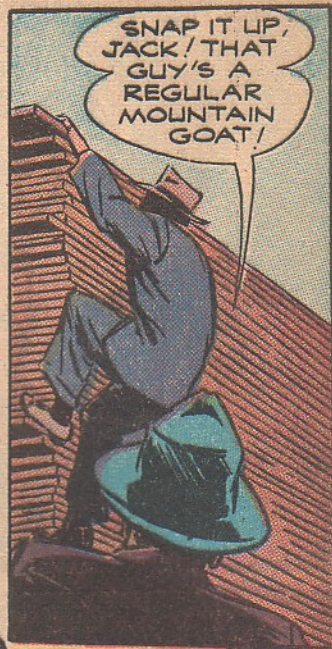
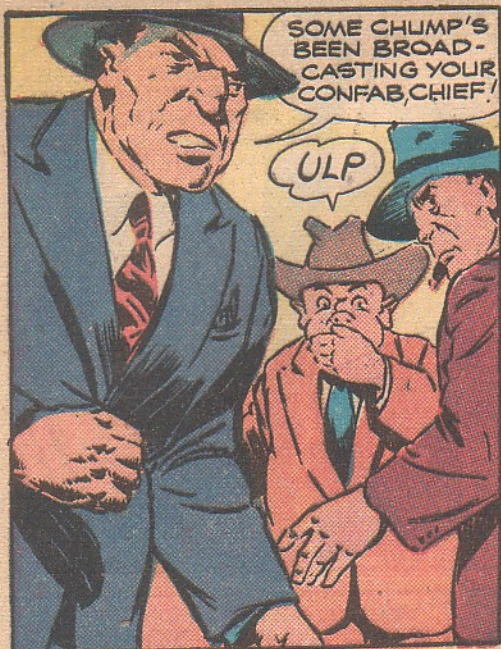


BUT ONE OF GREARY'S THUGS SPIES NILES AND TOM....

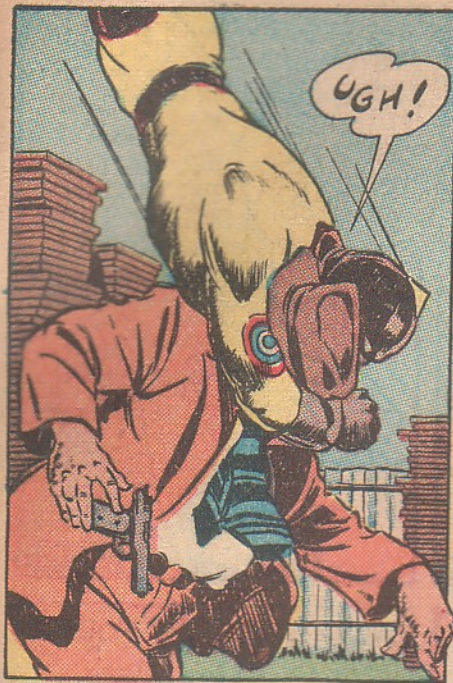
HEY!

PREPARE FOR ACTION, TOM! THESE MUGS ARE PRETTY TOUGH!

SO THE TARGETEERS DON THEIR COSTUMES WITH BULLET PROOF VESTS...



QUESTION No. 16. Can you make one change in a Targeteer's name and have the name of a river?



UGH!



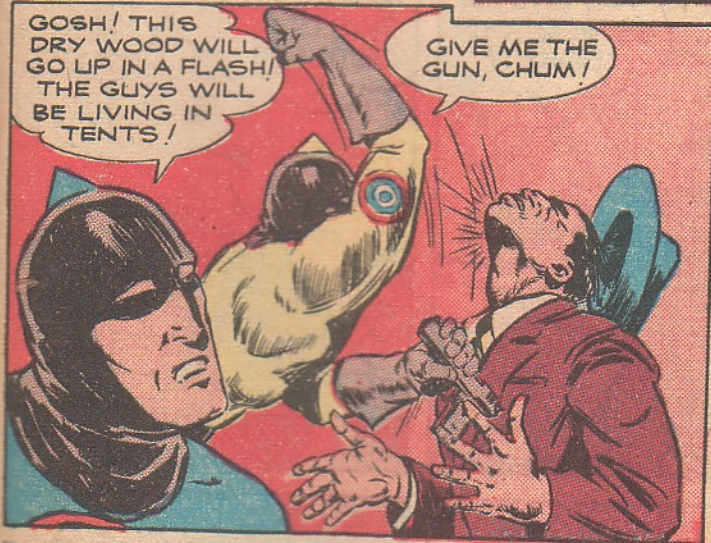
WE'RE RUINED!

IF I DON'T GET THE LUMBER-- NOBODY WILL!



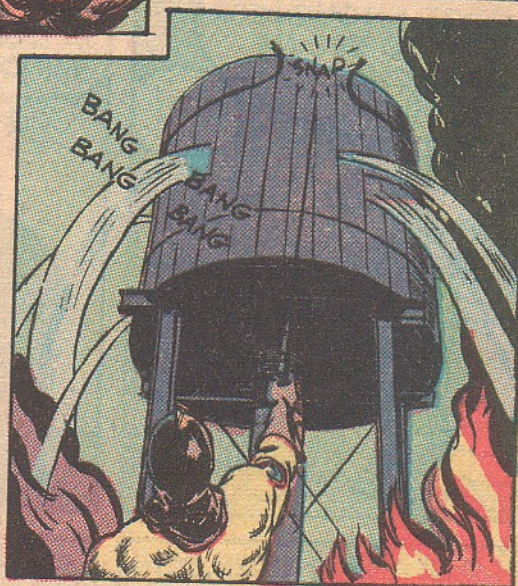
THEY'RE WELCOME TO THE CHARCOAL AND ASHES!

TOM! THE LUMBER'S ON FIRE!



GOSH! THIS DRY WOOD WILL GO UP IN A FLASH! THE GUYS WILL BE LIVING IN TENTS!

GIVE ME THE GUN, CHUM!



BANG BANG

BANG BANG



GOOD! THAT'LL KEEP THE FIRE FROM SPREADING TILL THE FIREMEN GET HERE! THE LUMBER IS SAFE!

BUT THESE TWO AREN'T! COME ALONG, LADS-- A COUPLE OF THOUSAND VETS WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU!



BACK AT THE RALLY.

THANKS TO THE TARGETEERS, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE TO LICK OUR HOUSING PROBLEM!

WE'VE SOLVED GREARY'S AND BABEL'S HOUSING PROBLEM, TOO! NICE ONE-CELL APARTMENTS FOR BOTH OF THEM!

TWO-TON O'TOOLE

OH BOY! THIS OUGHTA BE GOOD!... I AIN'T NEVER SEEN MESELF IN MOVIN' PITCHERS!

NOW SHOWING
LOVE IN BROOKLYN AND
FIGHT PICTURES OF TWO-TON
O'TOOLE VS. ONE ROUND ROACH

THE FIGHT
PICTURE IS ON
NOW, MISTER.
IT'LL BE
OVER IN
TWELVE
MINUTES.

BAH!
I JUST
WANT TO
SEE THE
MAIN FEATURE.
I'LL WAIT TILL
THAT CORNY
FIGHT PICTURE
IS OVER!

OH! SO I'M NOT
GOOD ENOUGH FOR
YOU TO SEE ME
IN PITCHERS,
HUH!

SIR!

I'D LIKE TO
PASS IN, IF
YA DON'T
MIND...

NOT A BIT,
JUST SO'S
YOU GIVE ME
65¢ FOR YOUR
TICKET!

WOT?!... DO I
HAVE TO PAY
TO SEE MESELF!
THIS IS A
OUTRAGE
!!

YOU'RE
HOLDING
UP THE
LINE...

LOOK ME
OVER, GIRLIE.
DON'TCHA
KNOW WHO
I AM
?

LISTEN, BOZO,
IT MAKES
NO DIF TO
ME IF YOU
WAS THE
KING OF
SIAM - IT'S
STILL 65¢.

SUCH IS FAME... OH,
I'M SO MAD I COULD
TAKE A BITE OUT OF
THIS SEAT IN FRONT
OF ME....

OUCH!
MY
NECK
!!

GR-R-R
!

A
WOLF IN TH'
HOUSE
!

ART
HELFANT,

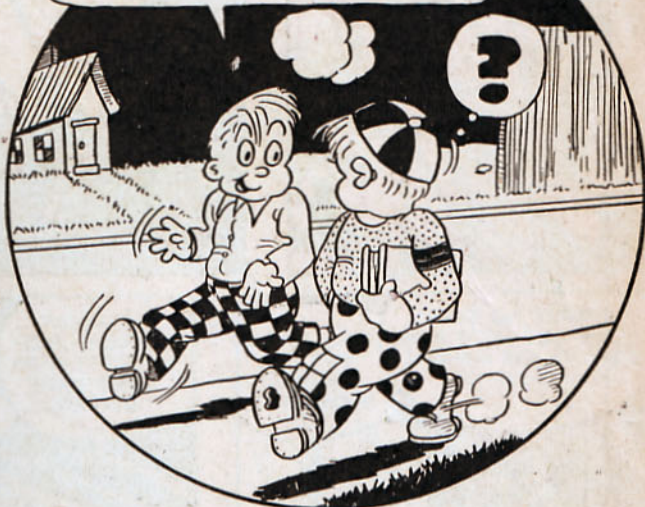
TARGETOONS

WHAT'S A HILL?

ER-A PIECE OF
LAND WITH ITS
BACK UP!!



IF YOU TAKE LONGER STEPS—
YOU WON'T WEAR YER SHOES
OUT SO FAST, I BETCHA'!!



IS MY BIG BROTHER
LAZY—HE COULD
EVEN MAKE SITTING
BULL LOOK LIKE A
MAN OF ACTION!!



A PARATROOPER IS TH' ONLY GUY I
KNOW OF WHO GETS UP IN TH' WORLD
BY FALLIN' DOWN ON TH' JOB!!



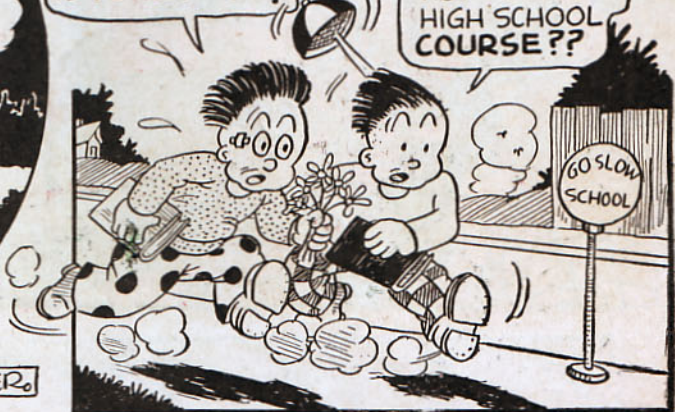
WOT'S GOOD FER
BITING FINGERNAILS?

ER-SHARP
TEETH!!

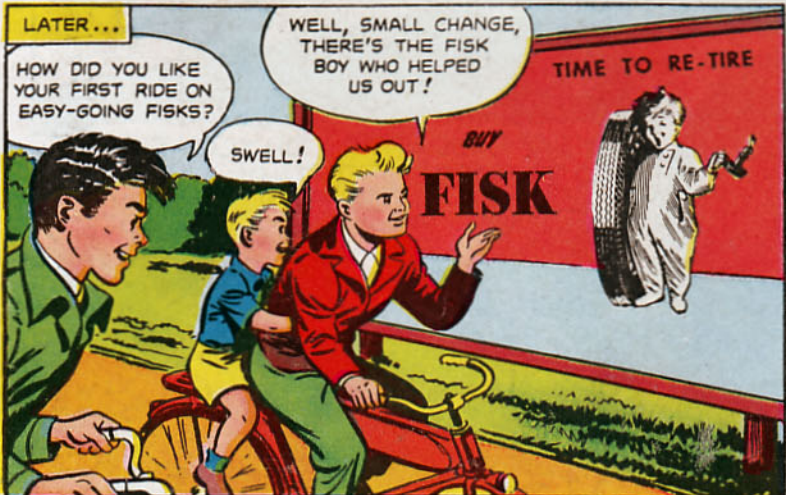


THEY SAY EDUCATION
IS SO REFINED!

OH, YEAH—THEN
WOT MAKES A
HIGH SCHOOL
COURSE??



MILT HAMMER



FISK BIKE TIRES

119W19
TARGET V8 #5 MURPHY
CONE NINA AUBRIGHT *
DECADET " " *
CANDID CHARLIE BILL Q SIEBE *
CHAMBERLAIN WM ALLSON
GARY SIMM DEN RICO *
BULL'S EYE BILL JOE CERITA +
1 PG. Milt HAMMILL *
text (W) JOHN GRAMM (A) EJ REEVES *
TARGET BATTERY

7/1947
MELC AG
ALFAGO Dir
Consulting